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## MAUREEN DHU, THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

### A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

#### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Why, mamma, only think!" said Mrs. Behan, throwing herself on the couch nearest to the door, "they have had such work in the Claddagh ever since St. John's Day, and we so near, and to hear nothing of it."

"Dear me! what have they been doing there?" the mother eagerly inquired, for if truth must be told, good Mrs. Fitzstephen dearly loved a bit of gossip. "Giles! did you hear anything of it?"

"I did, mother! but let Margaret tell what she heard—it would be downright cruelty to prevent her." So saying, he walked over to the empty fireplace and appeared to make a critical examination of his father's portrait.

"It's all been about that wild girl, the Admiral's daughter," went on fair Margaret, "I do believe half the young fellows in the Claddagh are after her. You remember her exploit here in town on Midsummer, and the fuss that was made about it—well! what do you think but there went a number of soldiers out to the village that night to the bonfires—some say there were gentlemen there, too!—lowering her voice and glancing furtively at her brother—" however, they got fighting about Maureen and that old More Kineely that we heard was killed—she wasn't though,—it was going in between her own grandson and Shan Driscoll that she got the blow. I wish they would get that girl married—she keeps them all in hot water!"

"Now, Margaret, why will you talk so?" said Charlotte, speaking for the first time, "the girl cannot keep people from admiring her, and I know many a fine lady who would be very, very glad to supply such 'hot water' for the gentlemen. Don't be too hard on the Admiral's pretty daughter!"

"Well! well! Margaret, go on," said her mother, "what more have you to tell?"

"Why, I haven't much more, mamma! You saw the account of what happened on the Bay—"

"And is that all?" said Fitzstephen turning abruptly, and apparently much relieved, "why I know more than that myself. What would you say now, Margaret, my pretty parrot! were I to tell you that the soldiers who went to the Claddagh bonfires were officers—you

may stare, but it is a fact—and amongst them your favorite Captain Hamilton!"

"La, Giles! it can't be possible—you want to tease me, you spiteful creature—you just invented that, now, because of what happened on the Bay. I know you always sympathize with the Claddagh men—you do!"

"But, Giles!" said his mother, "do tell me how you came to know this?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "and tell us who the gentlemen were that got into the scrape."

Fitzstephen shrank for a moment from the piercing glance of the three pair of eyes, and his color rose considerably. His hesitation, however, was but for a moment, and he replied with tolerable composure:

"I believe I was the only civilian present, mother, who could lay claim to the rank of a gentleman—I walked out to see the fun, but as for the 'scrape' of which Margaret elegantly speaks, I got into no scrape."

Margaret laughed out. Charlotte opened her eyes very wide and fixed them earnestly on her brother. The mother's cheek flushed and a cloud obscured the sunshine of her brow.

"Then my informant was right," observed Margaret.

"Giles!" said Mrs. Fitzstephen, "can this be possible?—what in the name of Heaven brought you to the Claddagh at such a time—you of all people with your aristocratic tastes and habits?"

"I went there on business, madam!" said the son quietly and almost haughtily, "I told you a few moments since of certain negotiations which I have in hand in relation to a certain affair."

"Oh! of course," laughed the incorrigible Margaret, drawing her little form up in ludicrous imitation of her stately brother, "of course, Don Giles Fitzstephen had business to transact in the Claddagh on Midsummer Night, and with Maureen Dhu—he was giving her an order, no doubt, for some barrels of herrings to be furnished in good condition—well saved and duly salted—ahs! my grave brother—my sage Mentor—so you can play pranks at times—never speak to Margaret Behan or any one else after that!"

And holding up her finger in playful admonition she drew the silent and astonished Charlotte after her from the room, as both were still in their street costume.

The mother and son, left once more alone together, stood for a moment regarding each other in silence—the mother with a sternness that was foreign to her character, the son with more than his usual coolness and reserve.

"Giles!" said Mrs. Fitzstephen at length, "what does this mean?"

"Simply this, my dear madam! that I am going about the business which I told you of, in the way which I deem most likely to be successful. I know these Claddagh people better, perhaps, than any one else, for since boyhood I have taken an interest in them—God knows," he added musingly, as if half to himself half to his mother, "what I do and desire to do has their advantage in view as well as my own."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed, madam! to those who can penetrate the outward roughness of their speech and manner, they are and must be interesting, for many of the virtues which adorn humanity flourish in the genial soil of their unsophisticated hearts. With the means at their disposal they might be much more comfortable and even wealthier than they are, and with God's help, I will overcome their prejudices, and force them to promote their own interest—and mine too! You will be good enough to leave me to myself in this matter, mother—I mean in my necessary intercourse with the fishermen—it is purely a matter of business, I assure you!"

"Well, Giles! I never could understand your

peculiar notions, nor can I now, but I will certainly not interfere in this matter, relying on your prudence and good sense. If you can use the Claddagh men for your mutual benefit, why, do!"

"Many thanks, my own dear mother! you were ever kind and considerate towards me—may God give me grace to requite you as you deserve!"

Full of an emotion that his mother could by no means understand, Fitzstephen left the room. He had been all the years of his life an enigma to that mother who had been his guardian from early boyhood. She was indeed none of the most penetrating, and had little in common with her son, yet her motherly instinct often gave her the key to his feelings, shrouded as they were in a habitual reserve, but on the present occasion, she was wholly at a loss to know what was passing in his mind. Subdued and controlled unconsciously to herself, by her son's mental superiority, she seldom dived farther into his motives of action than he was pleased to reveal. So long as he treated her with the respect due to a mother, and studied her wishes in every respect, she was quite content to leave him in the mystery of a reserve which appeared natural to him, and which he had, in fact, inherited, to a certain extent, from his father.

"After all, I cannot wonder at him," she would say within herself, "is he not his father's image, shape, make and feature—the dark spirit comes to him by nature, and I suppose he can't help doing things in an odd way. May the Lord be merciful to your soul, Arnold Fitzstephen!" she said on the present occasion, placing herself in front of her late husband's portrait, "you were a kind husband, there's no denying it, but there was always something about you, just like Giles, that I couldn't understand. There was but one heart that was ever, ever open to me—oh! Juan! Juan! what a fate it was that separated us—we who seemed formed for each other, and gave me—the gayest girl in Galway—Arnold Fitzstephen—him of all men—for a husband!"

It was strange to see the change that came over that placid countenance as the widowed matron turned to a small medallion picture which hung in a rather dark corner of the apartment beyond the range of the light from the windows. It was the half-length portrait of a young man in a sort of naval costume, his face radiant with the hopes and joys of early manhood, while

"His hair was thick with many a curl  
That cluster'd round his head."

There was little of actual beauty in the dark, foreign-looking features, but there was a world of winning candor and sportive gaiety in the full clear eyes and the whole expression of the countenance. It was, in short, that of a sprightly, frank, manly youth, just bounding off in the buoyancy of hope along the path of life, diffusing his own onward brightness to all who met him on his way. The tears stood in Mrs. Fitzstephen's eyes as she gazed on this smiling picture—its very radiance made her sad when she remembered that it was but a vision of her early years—a vision which had vanished long, long years before in the darkness and mystery of death. The story of this picture was a strange one, but its connection with Mrs. Fitzstephen's destiny was all in the remote past. It is probable that Arnold Fitzstephen would by no means have relished the sympathetic influence which that picture exercised over his wife's mind, but Arnold never saw it. He had known the original for a short space during which they had both striven for the meed of Ellie's love, and when Juan Gonzales returned to Cadiz in a fit of causeless jealousy, Arnold assumed the airs of a victor

and proudly carried off his prize, believing that he had fairly won the richest and fairest of Galway maidens. The cause of Juan's sudden departure was erroneously set down to the score of defeat, and many a bright-eyed damsel felt herself moved to pity the attractive young Spaniard, and wished that he had turned to her for consolation. Years and years rolled by; Arnold Fitzstephen and his pretty wife were esteemed a model of conjugal happiness, and they were happy, for Ellie was proud of her husband, and grateful for his confiding tenderness, and as a good wife should, she resolutely closed her heart against the idle remembrances which would only have made her unhappy, and perhaps been the cause of sin to her pure and guileless soul. There was little similarity of taste or of character between herself and her cold, stately partner, but still each was honorable and conscientious, and governed entirely by a sense of duty, so that the routine of domestic affairs went on smoothly and prosperously, and so did the fortunes of the family under Arnold's prudent and skilful management. When death cut short his useful career at the early age of thirty-eight, his wife was a sincere mourner, and in her overwhelming sorrow for his loss, she well nigh forgot that her heart had ever known another love. Within the second year of her widowhood a gift was sent her from Spain by the favorite sister of Juan Gonzales—it was the portrait before which we have seen her lose the present in the past. With it came the announcement of his death, and the still more startling news that no other woman had ever replaced Ellie French in his affections. It was his dying request that this youthful picture should be sent to his first and only love. When the grave was about to close over his mortal part, he considered that even Arnold Fitzstephen would not object to his wife's receiving such a gift. He knew not that his once-envied rival was already a tenant of "the narrow house" appointed for all living. The sight of the picture was a beam of sunshine from the past to the world-chilled heart of Mrs. Fitzstephen, and at times when she felt sad and lonely she would steal unseen to the drawing-room and gaze on the pictured face of that bright lover of her youth till the thick-coming shadows of those early years, when *he* was such as she there saw him, filled her soul to the exclusion of the present. It had sometimes happened that one or other of her children found her there, and at such times they could hardly recognize their mother in the thoughtful, pensive dreamer, whose wrinkled brow and absent look told of troubled memories. They could, none of them, avoid seeing that the picture, whose arrival they could well remember, was in some way connected with the early associations of their mother, but they all respected her too much to make any inquiries on such a subject. It is probable that if she had ever given the slightest opening, Margaret might have tried to get at her secret, but as it was there was no chance—not the remotest allusion to this matter ever escaped Mrs. Fitzstephen, who on all other subjects was perhaps too communicative for the requirements of discretion.

When the family met around the tea-table an hour after, the clouds had all vanished. The mother was as cheerful and bright as ever, Margaret as gay and as full of chat, and Giles and Charlotte as condescendingly amiable as usual.

"What an ingenious trap that was that 'you set for me a while ago, Mrs. Margaret Behan!" said her brother good-humoredly as he gave her his cup to hand to his mother; "it is very well for me that I have no secrets—no concealed cankers, for indeed if I had, the sharp edge of your sisterly curiosity would make me wince now and then."

"Hear him now how he crows over his es-

cape," said the saucy young widow, "he talks just as if he were beyond the reach of human frailty—have a care, Master Giles! I may catch you napping some fine day, and depend upon it, I will show you no mercy."

"Very well, my lady! one warned is half armed, and now I give you fair notice that for the future I will keep a sharp lookout for other people's secrets—not yours, my pretty brown girl!" addressing Charlotte. "I know you never have any, and if you had I would respect them as I do—" he stopped, colored slightly, and looked at his mother, who smiled faintly as she handed him his tea, as though she would have said: "Do you suspect your mother of having secrets?"

"Well, really," said Margaret affecting a very thoughtful air, "I am not yet quite satisfied about that Claddagh affair. It is still a mystery to me how any civilized being can take pleasure in the company of those amphibious creatures. What do you say, mamma?"

"Upon my word, Maggie! I am rather of your opinion. I have been living on Ballymann Island" these five-and-thirty years, just at the door with them, one might say, yet I never have any more intercourse with them than I can possibly avoid. Not to speak of the torture inflicted on the olfactory nerves by their near approach, there is something so uncouth, so thoroughly uncivilized about them all, both men and women, that I cannot take to them, do as I will."

"That is because you do not know them, mother," said her son eagerly, "not understanding their language and having little intercourse with them, it is not surprising that you should set them down as a sort of half-savages. Will you just do one thing for me?"

"I won't promise, Giles! till I hear what it is."

"Will you and the girls come to Mass next Sunday—this is Friday—at St. Mary's of the Hill?"

"What! amongst the Claddagh people?" cried Margaret with a gesture of disgust that made her brother redder to the very temples.

"Precisely, Mrs. Behan! but if you think it would be too great a trial for your delicate nerves, of course you are welcome to absent yourself from the party. My mother and Charlotte will, I flatter myself, do so much to oblige me."

"Certainly, my dear! certainly," said Mrs. Fitzstephen. Charlotte only answered her brother's look by a smile, but that smile was enough, it said plainer than words: "Any where and every where for your sake, Giles!"

Margaret pouted and tossed her head, then played with her spoon, and smiled rather disdainfully. "Perhaps I can arrange an excursion more pleasing to Margaret," said her brother, eyeing her with a peculiar expression, half bitter, half ironical: "what would you think of going down the Bay to Arranmore?"

The young widow started, and changed color; first a deep blush suffused her fair face, then a ghastly paleness overspread every feature; she tried hard to master her emotion, but to no purpose, and after a few moments of painful agitation, during which she never once raised her eyes, she fairly burst into tears, and rising suddenly from her seat, left the room without a word.

The mother and daughter looked at each other with distended eyes, and then both turned inquiringly to Fitzstephen. There was a certain emotion visible on his face, but of what nature it was they could form no idea.

"Poor Margaret!" he said musingly, "I didn't mean to wound you so deeply—Charlotte, my dear! had you not better follow Margaret. I fear she has taken suddenly ill—she is more susceptible than I thought—poor girl!" falling again into that dreamy tone, "who would suspect a canker in so bright a flower?"

By this time he was alone, Mrs. Fitzstephen and Charlotte had both hurried off to Margaret's room. "What's in a name?" murmured Giles to himself, "ah! Bard of Avon! names are potent things—the mystery of a life may be, and often is, hidden in a single word—a name may awaken all the slumbering echoes of the soul and fill it with shadows from the past—poor Margaret!—Arranmore is your mystery!"

\* There are some portions of Galway city situated on islands, connected by bridges. The nearest of these islands to the Claddagh is Ballymann, which is crossed by the fashionable private street called Dominick st. (To be continued.)

A Minnesota paper has nominated Mr. Seward for the Presidency.

## MANUFACTURED MASSACRES.

The repeatedly told tales of Sepoy barbarities, with which the public have been deluged since the breaking out of the Indian war, turns out, as we have long anticipated, nothing more or less than a tissue of the merest and most unblushing falsehoods. The following article taken from the *Madras Examiner*, the organ of the Catholics of India, has given the death-blow to the whole scheme of calumny and calumniation. The *Athenæum*, an Anglo-Indian journal, confirms the statements of the *Examiner*, and asserts, beside, that civilians from Agra declared that "the indignities said to have been perpetrated at that station, were never heard of there until the reports arrived in the English papers."

As the Anglo-American press (as we shall denominate it) of the city of New York gave publicity, on the arrival of every succeeding steamer, to those "Manufactured Massacres," it appears to us but just and reasonable that they should now give publicity to the article from the *Madras Examiner*, even though the same should interfere with previous arrangements entered into with "our English cousins," or jeopardize any immunities expected to be derived from that quarter by way of recompense for giving currency to such absurd fiction. The story of nuns and children being massacred at Cawnpore turns out to be equally fictitious with the rest, that falsehood being most probably devised for the purpose of exciting the Catholic soldiery to massacre; or what is equally probable, that the wish was father to the thought on the part of its concoctors. Several priests, also reported to be killed at Delhi, are at this moment alive and well. It is only when the English are swept clear out of India that the history of British enormities in that unhappy country can be written.

Meanwhile the revolution gathers force and consistency. Mutiny is the order of the day, and there are none found bold enough to predict where it will eventually terminate. It is fast rolling on towards the Punjab, and destined ere long to reverberate throughout the ranks of the Bombay and Madras armies. There appears to be no method of intercepting its onward career; no, not even them "dozen haughty words," said to be uttered with such marvelous effect by poor old Collin Campbell, on the occasion of Windham's flight before the arms of the valorous Gwallor contingent:

Whether for the purpose of exciting the passions of our soldiery, and to render them more determined to overthrow the mutineers, or for the purpose of concealing the mismanagement which threw the Native Army of Bengal into revolt, it is now impossible to say, the most diabolical outrages upon females and children were said to have been committed by the Sepoys. If only a tithe of the atrocities recorded against them have been perpetrated, the Bengal Sepoys are a disgrace to human nature; but the question is, have these crimes been committed? What is the nature of the evidence upon which it is attempted to sustain the charges? We have carefully weighed every account which came before us, and we hold that the evidence upon which we are called upon to convict the mutineers, is insufficient and unsatisfactory, and we have it now on the authority of English and Indian papers that some of it at least is totally untrue. The *Athenæum*, if we mistake not, stated some months ago that of all the accounts of brutality which came before him, not one rested upon the personal knowledge of the party making it. We have the same story to tell, and we have the most positive proof now that some of the stories which at the time seemed most worthy of credit, were from first to last pure fictions. It was reported in a private letter, an extract from which found a place in our columns, that the nuns and all the orphan children had been murdered at Cawnpore, a story well calculated to lash the Catholic soldiers into fury against the perpetrators of this diabolical deed, but it now turns out that there were no nuns and orphanage at Cawnpore. Another private letter from the camp of the Fusiliers mentioned that four priests had been murdered at the same place, one of whom had been hanged, according to another account, yet an official return from a priest at Agra only mentions two priests who had been killed, or rather who were supposed to have been killed, one at Delhi and one at Cawnpore. It now turns out that the priest who was said to have been killed at Delhi is now alive; and of the fate of the priest at Cawnpore no certain information can be procured; some say he escaped, but so far as we can learn there is no evidence of his death. True, we have had published what professes to be the statement of an officer that he saw the body of a lady upon which the mutineers had practised unmentionable brutalities, but the narrative bore evident marks of having been concocted, or if really a narrative, it proves conclusively that the writer had none of the feelings of a husband, or a father. Imagine a husband coming into a

house to seek his own wife, and giving up the search the moment he finds another lady who had been his wife's companion, brutally murdered! He might have argued from the fact of the body of his wife not being in the same room with that of her companion, that she had succeeded in making her escape, and perhaps was at that moment concealed in another part of the house, even though he knew the worst, a fond husband would not have departed, without taking a last fond look at even the mangled corpse; but our officer, the writer of the narrative, without any proof of his wife's having been murdered, whilst good ground for hope remained, took to his heels, because he feared to behold his own wife's corpse mutilated as was that of the other lady!

We do not believe that any sane man could have written the statement honestly; but if one could be found to act as the narrator says he acted, we would most assuredly treat his narrative with contempt. Very much of the evidence against the mutineers, in which they are accused of disgraceful outrages on women and children, rests upon statements like the above; some are founded upon mere rumors; others again, like the narrative of the officer just mentioned, profess to speak from personal knowledge, but it will be found that they carry on the face of them enough to render them suspected, and the worst portions rest upon mere hearsay. However, there is proof positive that some of the charges against the rebels have been manufactured, since, according to European papers received by the mail, parties, the particulars of whose murder were minutely recounted, are alive and well on the continent. And Tuesday's *Athenæum* contains a statement which, we think, conclusively disposes of two of the worst cases. Here is what the *Athenæum* published: "A Calcutta correspondent, whose position entitles his statements to weight, referring to the massacre at Delhi, informs us that he had received a letter from a gentleman high in the civil service at Agra, in which he states that he cannot find any confirmation of the reports circulated in regard to the dishonor inflicted on our countrywomen at Delhi. Again I conversed yesterday with another civil servant just arrived from Agra. He informed me that the first intelligence that reached Agra of the dishonor of our countrywomen at Delhi, was that given in the English newspapers (!) and that the evidence which they had already received and subsequently collected in Agra, not only did not confirm this intelligence, but with respect to certain individual sufferers, positively contradicted it, whilst yet it showed a verisimilitude in the stories circulated." But we may go yet farther and we will find from the accounts of those who have escaped, that the Sepoys were by no means so brutal as the public have been led to believe. From the interesting narrative of one of the nuns who escaped from Sealkote, it is evident that plunder and not blood was the object of the Sepoy's desire; and in many other narratives also we meet with instances of kind treatment of fidelity and of disinterestedness, for which the first accounts left us totally unprepared. Too many brutal murders have, no doubt, been committed, and some of them in cold blood, but our object is not to palliate the guilt of murderers, nor would we wish to see them escape the punishment which their crimes have so richly merited; for the guilty we have no pity to throw away; our wish is, however, to see the innocent spared. The passions of our soldiers have been inflamed and their anger aroused against the people generally by notoriously false or grossly exaggerated statements; they pant not for justice, but for vengeance; and that word implies, when used by them, indiscriminate slaughter!

## ENGLAND CAPITULATES TO LOUIS NAPOLEON!

(From the Nation.)

His Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon is to have his will; England is on her knees at his feet! In less time than has ever before sufficed for the change, the British press have had to alter the growl of defiance into the doleful whine of submission. The echo of stout words still lingers on the ear, but the posture of submission is before our eyes. The flush that lit the face of England as she found herself summoned to surrender the last relic of her independence, was the last rally of expiring power—the last flicker of pride in one who had seen better days. A year ago, an Englishman had at least one proud boast left amidst the many evidences of his country's decadence: though her prestige was lowered—though she had fallen to the position of bully towards the weak and coward towards the strong; though nation after nation laughed at and defied her—there remained the proud reflection that England had maintained inviolable through storm and peril the right of political sanctuary which she alone possessed or dared to exercise. A proud boast it was, indeed, and one which, were we English, we should regard as the most glorious possession of our country. When the kings of Europe trembled at the nod of the Great Napoleon, and those who fell beneath his frown were hunted from frontier to frontier, without rest for the sole of their foot; when, from Palermo to Lapland, none durst succor them or shelter them, and it seemed as if the earth had no spot which his anger could not reach; England, England alone, gave them protection—gave them welcome because they were his enemies, sanctuary because they were fugitives. Up to the present time every attempt to encroach upon this sacred right was met with an outcry which showed that Englishmen justly regarded

it as the most precious heirloom of past glory, the most certain test of present independence. The threats of foes and the persuasion of allies were alike ineffectual; and even when daggers were being whetted in London to drink the blood of friendly sovereigns, the uttermost lengths to which the Government dare proceed was to play detective, and assist in luring the conspiring exiles beyond the British frontier, that they might be trapped and punished. Every remonstrance, every entreaty for more direct action against them, was met by the most emphatic and decisive refusal. The Austrian Government offered the most distinct and positive proofs that in London plots against the Emperor, and the peace of the Empire, were constructed. Proof irrefragable was offered fastening the guilt of assassination upon particular individuals amongst the fraternity of "refugees" who make of London a den from whence they issue their bloody edicts—from which they rush upon their prey—and to which they fly for security when defeated in their purposes. Nevertheless, the demands of Austria were refused. The British Government declared that the existing laws afforded to foreign rulers the only, and the greatest protection against "the victims of their despotism" which England could yield without surrendering her independence. It is not in the power of the French Emperor now to offer stronger grounds for his request than those exhibited by Austria; but his Imperial Majesty has accompanied his demand for the expulsion of the refugees with a significant hint that it would be as well to spare him the trouble of coming over to London to fetch them!

The British Cabinet has succumbed, but ere they gave way before the imperious summons from the Tuilleries, how bitter must have been the reflection that it proceeded from the man, who, of all the Continental rulers, was most qualified to estimate the extent of the sacrifice he demanded. They could not cover their retreat by any pretence, the value of which his experience would not enable him to determine; they well knew that he knew he was calling upon them to confess themselves at his mercy. They knew that it would be far easier to deceive the British public as to the nature and magnitude of the principle surrendered; a servile press would accomplish that deception; but with the Man of December disguise was vain. There was nothing for it but to quietly bend the knee and kiss the rod, and that they have done beyond mistake.

Looking at this event from our point of view—a disinterested one—for we can sympathize neither with assassins nor despots, and the enemies who plot and conspire against the peace of our unfortunate country, and the lives of our countrymen, have their quarters in Downing street, and will not be expelled unless H. I. M. comes over to fetch them along with their proteges, just now the subject of his attentions—we can but regret it as a triumph of despotism, rendered inevitable, however, by the selfish policy of the British Government. The right of sanctuary, which abstractedly was an honor to England—a bright spot amidst the dreary wastes of despotism—was prostituted to the basest purposes, until it became a pestilence to European society. In its name and under its shadow the English Minister maintained a pack of ruffians, with whom he threatened obnoxious or troublesome Continental powers; an arsenal of living "infernal machines," ready to be flung at any throne in Europe, according as may serve the purposes of England. The Pope, the King of Naples, the Emperor of Austria, and even the Emperor of the French himself, were the objects of this diabolical diplomacy; there was not a country in Europe in which Palmerston did not flatter himself he could raise a revolution by its means. Such a den of assassins could not be suffered in the midst of Europe; long since it had become evident that on the first opportunity it would be swept away, and there is not a power in Europe that would not have joined France in marching into the British metropolis, if necessary, to crush so deadly a foe to the peace of Christendom.

So H. I. M. L. N. goes in and wins. The Indian revolt has cost England already—not the loss of this most sacred and valued of its possessions, for even if England's hands were disengaged, she dare not measure swords with France—but it has cost her the loss of so much dignity as might have been saved by a less sudden surrender, in a less palpable confession of helplessness. In every court in Europe, the news of the event will proclaim the hour for all whom it may concern to settle their accounts with England. Whether it be to force Queen Victoria to give up "crown jewels," to the honest owners, or compel Palmerston to hand over his poignard proteges to the tender mercies of the guillotine, the time is a favorable one. Alas! that one country which has a long arrears to settle, would but perceive the opportunity and press its just demands!

Mr. Orr, a citizen of Nebraska, killed recently at his farmhouse, not far from Florence, four wolves, two of the "prairie" and two of the "mountain" species—the largest of the latter, a she wolf, measuring upwards of six feet from tip to tip. Mr. O. had been butchering a couple of weeks before, from which time, attracted probably by the smell of blood, the wolves have paid him nightly visits, howling and cawing around, and one evening helped themselves to one of his turkeys. He accordingly set poisoned bait, which "settled" the four in a single night. They were all exceedingly fat. Mr. O. gave the carcasses of one to his neighbor, who obtained sufficient tallow from it to feed his lamps during the winter.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

## O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'X. DAUNT, ESQ.,  
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

O'Connell's Return to Town—O'Connell and the Darrynane Thrush—O'Connell's Resolution to be his own Counsel at the State Trials—Mr. McDonough, Q.C.—Sheil's Speech for the Defence—O'Connell and the Catholic Prelates—His Declaration respecting the Government Prosecution—His Fear, lest the prior Speakers at the Trials should pre-occupy the Topics of Defence—Apposite Quotation from Edmund Burke—End of the Trials—Conviction—Imprisonment—Remarkable Letter from O'Connell, when in Prison, to the Right Honorable R. L. Sheil.

EARLY IN JANUARY, 1844, Mr. O'Connell returned to Dublin. Shortly after his arrival he was visited by his old fellow-leader, Richard Lalor Sheil, who talked with him of the approaching trials. "As for me," said the Liberator, "I am prepared for the worst they can do—they will assuredly imprison me—but what matter?" Mr. Sheil expressed a hope that such a result might be averted. O'Connell, when Sheil had left him, described his recent hunts at Darrynane with infinite zest. "And I had such exquisite weather there," said he; "in the shrubbery a scoundrel thrush was singing merrily upon a spray; I took off my hat and made him a low bow; 'Sir,' said I, 'you are quite mistaken! It is not spring yet; but the vagabond kept singing away, and never minded me.'"

As the period for the commencement of the "monster trials" approached, O'Connell finally resolved upon being his own counsel. Sometimes he entertained the idea of speaking at excessive length; I once heard him say, "They (meaning the Government) do not suppose that I intend to speak for four days." He discussed the respective excellences of the counsel engaged on behalf of the accused, pointing out the chief merits of each. I remember his remarking that Mr. McDonough, Q.C., had admirable tact in conceding to the enemy all the unimportant portions of a case, and disarming the suspicions of the jury by the apparent frankness and candor of the concession.

It is not, of course, my intention to give any detail of proceedings so notorious and so recent as the Irish State Prosecutions of 1843-4. The reader remembers the Attorney-General's promise of proving the existence of a "wicked conspiracy" in Ireland, and the utter failure of any such proof. On the 27th of January, Mr. Sheil opened the defence in a five hours' speech, which was described as "the first brilliant flash that had enlivened the dreary dullness of the monster trials." Of Sheil's and Whiteside's masterly orations it was said, that had the jury been required to deliver their verdict immediately on the conclusion of either, they must have handed in an acquittal. I do not know how that may be; but I doubt whether the eloquence of an archangel could alter the fixed purposes of certain jurors; and I do not forget that the well-known "Jack Giffard," of corporate celebrity, naively remarked to the father of my friend FitzPatrick, when speaking of the state trials of 1812, "that if our Saviour himself were in the dock, they (the Dublin Orangemen) would find him guilty if it served their party."

O'Connell's admiration of Sheil's speech was enthusiastic. "There were in it," said he, "passages of the most transcendent beauty. But I remonstrated with him," he added, "on his having omitted all mention of Repeal. I told him that he would not have committed himself by doing so, for he would have spoken professionally as a barrister."

Two or three days prior to the delivery of that speech, a hope was expressed that a good report of it might be secured for the press. O'Connell said with a smile,

"It is in type at this moment in London. Sheil had a reporter with him lately, to whom he dictated the entire in his drawing-room, and who sent it off to press in London as fast as written. I once dictated a speech in a parlor myself—it was under these circumstances: We held an Emancipation meeting in the open air at Waterford, but the day was so wet as to interfere seriously with the labors of the reporters. They had to put up their tablets before we had half done, and their notes were partially obliterated by the rain. I retired to my hotel, and was waited on by a reporter who stated that he had not been in time to attend the meeting, and that unless he promptly forwarded a report of my speech he would incur the anger of his employer. He begged I would deliver it; and, as I had nothing else to do, I consented. He prepared to report with great alacrity, and I delivered a much better speech walking up and down the room than the one I had pronounced at the meeting. The fellow went off in high delight when I had done, and it was a topic of some surprise and amusement that the very best report of my speech appeared in a newspaper which had no reporter at the meeting."

As the monster trials dragged along their weary length, the public indignation and excitement became so great, that O'Connell exceedingly dreaded an *emueute*. He feared lest the outrage committed by the government might exasperate the people beyond the power of patient endurance, notwithstanding the lessons of peace he had constantly inculcated. Knowing that the most effective conservators of the public tranquillity were the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, it occurred to him to make a

solemn appeal to the prelates to use all their influence for the preservation of order. He accordingly composed the following address, which I do not think was ever published; nay, I much doubt whether it was even forwarded to the members of the hierarchy; the copy I possess was given me by a gentleman to whom O'Connell submitted it for the benefit of his advice, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention.

## "To the Catholic Prelates of Ireland."

Merrion Square, Dublin, 10th Feb., '44.

"MOST REVEREND AND VENERABLE LORDS:—It is with some difficulty, and after much consideration, that I take the liberty of addressing you, with a respectful confidence, that although you may not approve of my so doing, you will attach a kind estimate to the motives which prompt me to trespass on your attention."

"You may deem my anxiety excessive; but you will readily forgive that excess which arises from my extreme desire to prevent the slightest violence or breach of the peace in any part of the country."

"I have not the presumption to think that anything emanating from me would be needed to stimulate the zeal of your lordships, or the revered clergy at large, for the preservation of the most perfect public peace and tranquillity. Those who know you best are familiar with the fact, that the quiet of the country is principally attributable to your unbought, successful, and most pious exertions to cause all the population of most districts, and as many of the people as possible in every district, to be obedient to the law, and dutifully submissive to temporal authority."

"What I respectfully submit to your lordships is merely this—that perhaps it may be useful to take measures for allaying any tendency to excitement that might be produced by the result of the crown prosecutions; and for securing on the part of the people a continuance of the same profound tranquillity that has prevailed since the trials commenced. You agree with me, my Lords, that it is of the most emphatic importance, that there should not, at the conclusion of the trials, be the smallest outbreak or violence of any kind whatsoever. I know that every exertion for maintaining the public peace will have your lordships' sanction and active assistance. But perhaps that assistance is the more necessary now, inasmuch as the prosecution has had a sectarian color given to it by the conduct of the prosecutors in striking out all the Catholics from the jury list, in addition to the fact of the 'dropping out' from the jury panel of no less than thirty-five Catholics."

"It is to prevent any irritation springing from this violation of their religious feelings, that I, with profound humility, suggest to your lordships the propriety of directing the clergy of every parish—and no directions were ever obeyed with greater alacrity than yours would be—by the universal clergy of the second order—to take care that not the least particle of anger or irritation should exhibit itself among the Catholic people; to stifle every expression of sorrow or of wrong in the recollection that prudence as well as duty, personal safety as well as religion, imperatively require that every part of Ireland should remain in the most perfect order and tranquillity, and in the most profound and undisturbed quiet."

"If there be presumption in this address, it is concealed from my own view; and I express my sincere sorrow if it should be so. My object is, to have an additional opportunity of enforcing on the public mind the fact, that if this crisis passes over—as pass over I am sure it will—without riot, violence, tumult, or outrage of any kind, the success of our efforts for the Repeal will be rendered certain, and the attainment of our Domestic Legislature will be secured."

"I have the honor to be, with the most profound respect, most Reverend and Venerated Lords,

"Your most faithful, obedient, humble servant,  
DANIEL O'CONNELL."

During the progress of the trials, O'Connell repeatedly expressed, both in private and in public, his indifference to the result as regarded himself personally, provided the outrage on constitutional liberty should stimulate the people to redoubled exertions. The following declaration, which he made at the Corn Exchange on the 17th of April, is so characteristic of the man that I cannot omit it:

"They may," said he, "fine us. Well, we will pay the fine. They may imprison us. Well, we will go to prison. We will not be the less patriots, or the more disposed to compromise, because we are within the walls of a prison. Nay, so help me Heaven! if there was possibly any measure of acquiescence to which I would, when abroad, agree—if there were any terms to be made with the enemies of freedom and of Ireland which I might not think obnoxious if I were at large, I would reject them with indignation and contempt from the moment when I was enclosed within a prison. By imprisoning me they say they may shorten my life. That does not affect me much. In the first place, I don't believe it. I may have come to that time of life when the affections are less soothing, and there is less of reciprocity to meet them; my heart may be aged and widowed, and its tender ties may be destroyed. But I am still like the scathed oak, not less firm against the fury of the storm than I would have been in the days of my green and buoyant youth. . . . As to my health, I proclaim to the people of Ireland that I believe it is perfectly capable of sustaining any length of imprisonment they can inflict upon me."

In this anticipation he unfortunately erred.

The seeds of disease were sown in Richmond prison.

As the trials proceeded, and the speeches of successive counsel exhausted the points of defence, O'Connell said to me one day:

"They will leave nothing for me to say when my turn comes."

"You mistake," replied I. "They cannot deprive you of your appropriate topic. They are making legal speeches. You will have to make a political and historic speech. You, of course, must enter on some legal points; but it appears to me that your peculiar duty will be to demonstrate that this nation, struggling for Repeal, are in the right; to show the iniquity of the Union, and its myriad mischiefs; and to justify the movement on higher than mere legal grounds."

He intended to make use of the following extract from Edmund Burke, which he caused FitzPatrick to copy for him; he considered it a masterly exposition of the impolicy of forcibly suppressing public opinion by the exercise of State power; and extremely opposite to the case of Ireland in 1843:

"America, gentlemen, say, is a noble object; it is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led by their choice of means, by their complexions, and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the State may have confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, that my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force, considering force not only as an odious but a feeble instrument for preserving a people so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in profitable connection with us."

"First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force is temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered."

"My next objection is its uncertainty. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no other power is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness, but they never can be begged as alms by impoverished and defeated violence."

O'Connell, in his defence, delivered a masterly argument in disproof of the charge of conspiracy. But his principal topics were political, and the excellence of his address was admitted by many an adverse critic.

But truth, justice, and eloquence, availed not. On the 30th May, 1844, O'Connell and six of his confederates in the agitation were found guilty of a "conspiracy," and hurried from the court to the gaol.

I did not remain long in Dublin after this event, being obliged by my private affairs to go to the country. Nearly all the details I could collect of the imprisonment I have published elsewhere. O'Connell took as much exercise as the limits of his prison permitted. "Seven times round the gaol garden is a mile," said he. "I walk it thrice a day." On being visited by Smith O'Brien (who had joined the Repealers at the commencement of the prosecutions) he took him by both hands, saying, "I think it was Providence that raised you up to us in our need; I look on your adhesion as indicative of what Providence will yet do for us."

Mr. O'Brien's junction at this crisis was of very great value to the Repeal cause. O'Connell said that "he did the best thing at the best time." My excellent and patriotic friend must permit me to express a hope that the sections of the national party, at present unfortunately severed, may speedily co-operate again for the recovery of Ireland's rights. And, if I know aught of my old fellow-missioner, John O'Connell, I should say that he is about the last man in existence who would oppose any factious obstruction to re-union."

While the Liberator was incarcerated there was a magnificent popular rally round the Repeal Association. But there were many men whose previous political career might have led us to expect their accession to our ranks at such a juncture, and who still held aloof.

On the 17th of June, Mr. Wyse, M.P. for Waterford, presented a petition, praying inquiry into the formation of the Special Jury in the case of "The Queen and the prosecution of Daniel O'Connell and others." It was Mr. Wyse's intention to move for a Select Committee of Inquiry, in accordance with the prayer of that petition.

I am enabled, by the kindness of my friend the Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, to lay before the reader the following important and interesting epistle, written by O'Connell while in prison, in reply to a letter on the subject of Mr. Wyse's proposed motion:

"Richmond Bridewell, 19th June, 1844."

"MY DEAR SHEIL:—I do not care a twopenny ticket for Wyse's motion. The Irish people do not care a rush for it. They expect nothing from the English Parliament, and have a vivid contempt for its proceedings; but, besides this hatred of England, ought not common sense be looked to? What, in point of common sense, can possibly be the result of a night or two nights' talk on such a motion? Certainly the Whigs this time are right. All Wyse will accomplish will be a knitting toge-

\* While I sincerely desire to co-operate once more with the sounder portion of the seceding party, I must disclaim all wish for the return of those wild and vagrant spirits, who, in the language of Charles Gavan Duffy, would make the land "a shambles of social anarchy."

ther once more the *disjecta membra* of the present party in power. Mind, I do not advise the motion to be given up, because I do not advise at all on the subject. It is to me one of perfect indifference."

"You express surprise and regret that the Irish members are not in London, and yet you yourself, the long admired 'pillar and glory' of Irish agitation, are absent from Dublin where Ireland is 'mewing her young strength.' You are absent in person and in deed!"

"I, your once co-leader, am in gaol, by a packed jury and most partial judge; and, instead of at least enrolling your name amongst the Irish, you are calculating what you owe to the Whigs for having given you a place, and forgetting the ten hundred thousand claims Ireland has upon you. Sheil! Sheil! this will never do. I say it in the bitterness of sorrow, but in the absence of disrespect. It will never do. The man who does not rally with us against the Attorney-General and the trial is *against us*. Now, what have the Irish section of the Whigs done under such unparalleled circumstances, with the people boiling up at every side, but still obedient, as if they were under military command? Not the least shadow of danger of an outbreak, or of any violence—tranquillity the most perfect. What is the Irish section of the Whigs doing? Nothing. Yet those of Belfast—the Whigs of Belfast—have set them an example. Could not your other Irish Whigs follow even that example? But no! Oh! Plague take the shabby set! The Duke of Leinster—his name operates like a vomit—is getting up with Peter Purcell dinners for pig-feeders and calf-fatteners!! Lord — sent me a salmon—good for Friday! and Lord — sent me his card. I am amused at condescending to have even the appearance of being angry with such beings. The Irish Orangemen are more friendly to Ireland than the Irish Whigs. But I have cheerfully done with them."

"I am bound to say, and I say it readily and gratefully, that Lord John Russell has behaved exceedingly well respecting these trials."

"I certainly will not advise Smith O'Brien to go over. He is doing infinitely better where he is. He has as little taste for the Whigs as I have, after the *exclusion* of Repealers. As I would have been wiser not to insult us. You, however, may be assured, that the Irish people will, in future, look to nothing but themselves. They will not revolt, nor rebel; but they are, and will be in an attitude to avail themselves of the first day of peril to England to require conciliation. Adam appears in a Dutch play, in boots and spurs, fully equipped at all points coming on—to be created. The Irish are peaceably waiting—to be conciliated."

"This plan, you may say, will not succeed. Be it so—for argument's sake. But there is no other that has any chance of success. I, however, must say, that this plan, if persevered in, *must* be successful. The continued *pain* arising from such a state of things will overcome the strongest resistance. The Irish people are conscious of their strength, and that safety, as well as strength, consists in continued pacific exertion; and they know that success must result from both strength and safety."

"You see we have opened the door to admit Federalists amongst us; and I never knew any man in private who was not a Federalist at the least. I no longer presume to advise you to join; though surely the Whigs might permit you to go so far."

"Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you. Be assured of my kind friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics; but am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man."

"Believe me to be, very sincerely yours,  
"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

(To be continued.)

MODESTY OF DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—Col. O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle, in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of him. One afternoon, as the Colonel and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by, at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak; but, after a good deal of pressing, said, "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretion as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim as you were looking up at these women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jzebels, while a man of your talent passed by unnoticed!" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?" "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility; "I am very sorry—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."

## LATEST IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

It is a matter of deep regret that we are still under the necessity of reporting that the number of unemployed operatives, of both sexes, and of all classes connected with our staple manufactures, apparently remains undiminished. Indeed, as regards workers in metals—such as iron moulders, machine-makers, fitters-up, &c.—the disengaged hands would seem to be on the increase. Almost as many are to be seen promading the streets as might be supposed sufficient to fill all the foundries and machine shops in Belfast. A small portion of the poorest and most destitute laborers were set to work in the old House of Correction, at breaking stones, &c.—very disagreeable employment for them, but better than none. Some of the bleach and print works prospects are improving; and the approach of spring is looked forward to, both by manufacturers and operatives, with much anxiety.—*Banner of Ulster.*

A serious collision—fortunately unattended by loss of life—took place in Belfast Lough. The screw steamer *Semaphore* struck the *Eyre* on the port quarter, cutting her down below water-edge. The *Semaphore's* boat was immediately lowered, as it was evident the schooner must immediately go down. The mate of the steamer commanded the boat, and succeeded in rescuing the master of the *Eyre* and the crew, four in number. Five minutes after the collision, the schooner sank in upwards of three fathoms water.

The *Downpatrick Recorder* says: "The contractor (Mr. Moore) is making considerable progress towards the completion of the earthworks on the Belfast and County Down Railway. At the terminus here the utmost activity in levelling and filling up prevails. Should the present highly favorable weather continue, the line will be opened the entire way to Belfast much sooner than was expected—in all probability by August or September next. It is said it will be opened from Belfast to Ballynahinch in May.

A public meeting of the unemployed laboring classes of Belfast was held in the Wellington Hall, Montgomery street. The room was filled with people, whose conduct throughout was remarkably quiet and orderly. The meeting was convened by placards headed "Work, not Bread;" and it was stated that the object of the meeting was "to take into consideration the best means of procuring work for those who do not wish to accept the present unsatisfactory mode of relief."

At the Ballymena Petty Sessions there were several cases of complaint made by muslin sewers, against Messrs. D. & J. Macdonald, of Glasgow, for non-payment of wages due, by contract, for work executed and delivered to their sewing agent in Ballymena. One poor girl had travelled four times from Dunloy to Ballymena, and back again—in all, a distance of about 80 miles, in prosecution of her honest and hardly-earned claim for 7s. 9d.

## Cavan.

The inhabitants of Cavan have been paying Lord Farnham a mark of their respect and regard as a good landlord. An address was presented to him thanking him for the improvements he has caused to be executed in the locality.

## Clare.

The Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Lord Kenmare, and Mr. Baggot, Castle Baggot, have given leases of three lives and thirty-one years to all their tenantry in the county Clare; and it was not only that the large landholders got these leases, but every poor widow holding only one-fourth of an acre of land on this property has got a lease of three lives and thirty-one years. No one was exempted from the kind-heartedness of these landlords—ten per cent. over Griffith's valuation is the rental—nobody exempted. The people of this estate are indebted not only to the landlord, but to H. Spaight, Esq., the worthy agent, and to the Rev. Father Quaid, whose parishioners they are.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Michael Kerin, Esq., to act as a justice of the peace for the borough of Ennis.

## Cork.

The monotony of our city was enlivened on Sunday by a row between several privates of the 68th Depot, at present stationed here, and some of the North Cork Rifles. A few of the latter were proceeding over Benson's Bridge, when they were met by the men of the 68th, who tauntingly applied to them the word "Sweeps." Offended at the expression, one of the Rifles rushed towards the 68th, and seizing a soldier by the belt, tore it off him and beat him with it, until the blood flowed, upon the head. The fight then became general, and belts were freely used by both parties, but the 68th fared the worst, two of their number having received injuries in the head, whilst the Rifles came off apparently scathless. Major Stuart, Lieutenant Eden, and Head Constable Roe, with a few members of the Constabulary, opportunely arrived on the spot, and succeeded in quieting the combatants. The two wounded men

were conveyed into the adjoining police station, where their wounds were dressed, and from which they were sent, under escort, to the barracks.—*Examiner.*

About £1,000 have been subscribed for a monument, and a like sum for a reformatory, to commemorate the life and works of the late Father Mathew. The two sums united (says the *Cork Southern Reporter*) would be sufficiently considerable for the foundation of an establishment for the reclamation of those who have fallen into the paths of vice—a work which it was the life-long labor of the Apostle of Temperance to accomplish. The sums taken separately will not be sufficient to provide handsomely for the two distinct objects of erecting a statue and founding an institution for the reception of juvenile criminals; but were the joint proceeds solely devoted to the latter purpose, a noble and appropriate testimonial to the memory of the great philanthropist would be insured.

A meeting in favor of tenant right and religious equality took place at Mallow recently. The meeting was presided over by the hon. member for Dungarvan, who delivered an able and stirring address from the chair. Mr. Calcutt, of Clare, was also present, and addressed the assemblage; but the chief feature of the proceedings were the very able and uncompromising speeches delivered by many influential clergymen, such as the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Rev. Justin McCarthy, Rev. A. Peyton, Rev. Pierce Green, &c., &c. A resolution and petition in favor of the Tenant Right Bill were adopted, and a resolution affirming the principle of Independent Opposition, proposed by the Rev. Justin McCarthy, was carried by acclamation.

The private offer of Mr. Nicholas Dunscombe, for the purchase of Vincent Scully's King Williamstown estate for £9,500, has been submitted to Mr. Commissioner Hargreave, and accepted. These lands comprise the Model Farm and the village of King Williamstown, with all the Government improvements, which had been some time since sold by the Crown, when Mr. Dunscombe also purchased other portions of the Crown lands.

## Derry.

A new town hall, for local and public meetings, is about to be erected in Newtownlimavady. A meeting, in aid of this object, was held in the Courthouse. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were passed. A subscription list was opened, and a committee of management, composed of subscribers of £5 and upwards, formed for the purpose of carrying out the object. The house is to be vested in the town commissioners.

## Donegal.

One of the largest meetings which have ever taken place in the county of Donegal was held at Milford, near Ramelton. The object of the assembly was principally to express their sympathy with the evicted tenantry throughout the county, particularly those who have been ejected from their holdings by the Earl of Leitrim; and the meeting had also been called for the purpose of impressing on the Imperial Parliament the necessity for a legislative protection of tenant right in Ireland, as illustrated by the recent proceedings on the estate of his lordship. From the steps reported to have been taken by some of the Earl of Leitrim's agents, in regard to the meeting, those entrusted with its management could not but feel considerable anxiety as to the result. In fact, owing to the unprecedentedly severe measures adopted to prevent the attendance of the tenantry, it was doubted whether there would be any meeting whatever. As stated by the several speakers, it seems that, a few days before, the Earl rather astonished the people of Milford, by driving into the village, surrounded by a numerous body guard of bailiffs, master and men being armed to the teeth. He expressed the strongest disapproval of the meeting. The bailiffs were despatched to warn the people to keep away from Milford, under pain of his displeasure. The foregoing statements were somewhat difficult for any one to credit at first; but, on reaching Milford, their truth was put beyond all doubt. There Lord Leitrim was to be seen parading the streets, surrounded by a dozen or more agents, bailiffs, and the like. Most of the shops were shut, his lordship having peremptorily ordered that no accommodation, lodging, meat, drink, or even fire should be afforded the country people. The tenants who came into town were openly marked; every stranger who was noticed on the streets was dogged by his lordship and his minions, called together, from time to time, by a whistle, which hung from the neck of this amiable gentleman, and directed by him to watch the objectionable parties. Milford resembled nothing as much as a town under martial law. His lordship, in this manner, stalked along the streets all day, to the terror of the inhabitants, whose houses the bailiffs entered and searched almost every moment, the wretched inmates being passive spectators of their proceedings. These things

the writer saw and heard. Notwithstanding all his lordship's precautions, however, the meeting was highly effective. There could not have been fewer than from 6,000 to 7,000 persons, many of them having come from a considerable distance. The meeting was held in a field at the end of the town, on the property of Nathan Stewart, Esq., of Sheffield. Captain Considine, R.M., with a strong force of constabulary, was in Milford, to preserve order; but the unexpectably good conduct of the people obviated the necessity for their interference. At one o'clock, the chair was taken by Henry White, Esq., of Ramelton, on the motion of the Rev. James Reid, Presbyterian minister, seconded by Mr. John Lavens, of Milford. Letters of apology were read from W. S. Crawford, Esq.; S. M. Greer, Esq., M.P.; Rev. John Doherty, P.P., Carigart, and others, who were unable to attend, but who expressed their full concurrence in the objects of the meeting. The Catholic Bishop of Raphoe also apologized.—*Ulsterman.*

A carman, named William Doherty, who resided in the vicinity of Convoys, had been in the market of Strabane with his horse and cart. He reached home about the hour of eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by a neighbor, whom he insisted on escorting to near his own residence. After parting with his companion, Doherty turned homewards, crossed a ditch into a grass field, but he had only reached the middle of the field in question when he fell to rise no more. Strange to say, he was not observed till about five o'clock next evening, when he showed some slight symptoms of vitality; but, although every means possible were resorted to, after he had been removed to his own house, to restore him to a state of consciousness, all proved unavailing.

## Down.

James C. B. Price, Esq., of Saintfield House, has appointed Walter Hore, Esq., late of Benburb, agent over his extensive estates in the county Down. Mr. Hore has been for a long period agent of the Powerscourt Estate, in Tyrone, and holds the Commission of the Peace for that county. At Benburb he was much esteemed and respected both as a magistrate and agent.

It has been decided that Newry is to be henceforth numbered among the Irish ports for the embarkation of troops.

## Dublin.

A deputation from the Killarney Junction and the Tralee and Killarney Railway Companies, consisting of Sir Edward McDonnell, Major-General Stokes, W. T. Crosbie, George Roe, E. Pike, William Haughton, and S. Hardy, Esqs., attended by Mr. Le Fann and Mr. Jeffers, had an interview with the Chief Secretary, for the purpose of procuring from government a grant of money to the Tralee and Killarney Company, which would enable them to complete their line to Tralee. Mr. Herbert received the deputation most favorably and promised his support to the application.

A new Gas Company, to be called the "Independent Gas Consumers," has just been started on the Limited Liability, with a proposed capital of £80,000. An Alderman in extensive trade, the last that would have been looked for as a promoter of gas, and several gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, are among the list of registered promoters, which does not, however, contain any of the names principally engaged in the late contest with the existing companies, who appear to be content with the arrangements then made.—*Freeman.*

The escape of the French Emperor from the machinations of assassins was celebrated by a solemn *Te Deum* in the Church of the Conception. The building was crowded to suffocation, the congregation including the Lord Mayor, the French Consul, and all the leading Roman Catholics of Dublin. Archbishop Cullen presided over the day's ceremonies, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. P. O'Neill.

A respectable looking woman, who gave her name as Maryanne Ridley, fell into the Liffey at Burgh quay, and would have been lost only for the exertions of two boatmen named John Galvin and John Taylor, who happened fortunately to be rowing a boat up the river at the time. On being taken out of the river Mrs. Ridley was at once conveyed to the hospital where she was quite restored.

A man named James Kinsley, of 39 Upper Mercer street, was seen to go into the yard of a house in Exchequer street. He took a violent fit of coughing, and threw up a large quantity of blood and dropped down dead.

The Committee of the Catholic Institution of the Deaf and Dumb most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £15 from Anonymous, per his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

## Kerry.

A Milltown correspondent has communicated to the *Kerry Post* the following: "I understand that a notice, threatening any one that shall attempt to take land, from which tenants have been removed, was posted

on the door of Mr. Spring's storehouse in Castlemaine. It remained up until taken down by Mr. Edward Race, J. P. That gentleman has, I understand, forwarded the document to the government. The notice was very long, and evidently not written by an ignorant person, although it contained some bad grammar, which it could be seen was intentional. The handwriting appeared to be that of a female. The concluding part of the notice stated that a watch was set, and that any person attempting to remove it would be severely dealt with. It was signed 'A Friend.' A notice, somewhat similar in meaning if not very copy, was posted on the Roman Catholic chapel of the locality, which is some distance outside the village. It is supposed that the land alluded to in this notice is part of the property of Lord Montegle, in that district, the tenants on which have been told to quit."

## Kildare.

While removing a piece of timber in a field near Athy, recently, a beautiful winged butterfly was discovered apparently in a torpid state. After being exposed to the air for a short period, it resuscitated, and commenced to move, extend and flap its wings, immediately after which it took an aerial flight.

Private Owens, 76th Regiment, fell into a trench at the Curragh camp, while in a state of intoxication, and was suffocated.

## Kilkenny.

A specimen of new potatoes grown in the open field, and of a size and quality in every way fitting them for food, has been sent to our office. They are of the kind known as "Nine-Weeks," and were sown in ridges, in the usual manner, about three months since, by Mr. T. Bradley, at his farm at Richview, near our city. This is truly a most extraordinary season!—*Moderator.*

## Limerick.

A lecture on the life and brilliant military achievements of that gallant Irishman and soldier, Sarsfield, the heroic defender of Limerick, was delivered in the Theatre Royal, by the Rev. Mr. Barry, of All Hallows College, Dublin, for the benefit of St. Munchin's Young Men's Society. The pit, boxes, and galleries were crowded by all classes and grades of the citizens. At eight o'clock, Eugene O'Callaghan, Esq., J. P., took the chair. The Rev. Mr. Barry, after congratulating the citizens of Limerick on the unanimity which prevailed with respect to the monument to Sarsfield, then proceeded with an eloquent lecture on the life and warlike achievements of Sarsfield, in which he followed the heroic subject of his discourse from his boyhood to his death, in the arms of victory, upon the plains of Limerick. During the delivery of the lecture the reverend gentleman was repeatedly and most rapturously cheered. Mr. Ball then addressed the assembly. He said—I trust I am not taking too great a liberty in rising to propose a vote of thanks to the reverend gentleman for the interesting lecture which you have just heard so admirably delivered. When the people of Limerick formed the idea of erecting in this city a monument to the renowned Sarsfield, they only followed out a plan worthy of the city which possesses a monument to the memory of that Irishman who by his glorious efforts—by his talents and by his character—achieved all—nay more—for Ireland than ever was won for her in the battle-field. No man could tell what the future may have in reserve for us, and, therefore, it is right that we should have before us the example of those who struggled for us in peace, and it may be no loss to have the example also of those who achieved liberty for us by unflinching courage—indomitable valor, and unshaken fortitude. Limerick has done well in adopting to herself the name of Sarsfield, and although he was neither born nor bred within her walls, yet he rendered her glorious service, and for that service she is grateful. Yes, Limerick honors the memory of the brave Sarsfield, and you, men of Limerick, do honor to yourselves by honoring the memory of Patrick Sarsfield (cheers). Alderman Joynt seconded the proposition of the worthy gentleman who had just sat down, and who had so eloquently proposed a vote of thanks to the learned lecturer. It had been said that in Ireland there are statues of all men but of Irishmen, but that reproach had been wiped off from Dublin, which city was condemned by all men for not having monuments to the men who made Ireland great in eloquence, in literature, in painting, and by their warlike achievements. The Rev. Mr. Barry returned thanks, and the meeting separated.—*Reporter.*

The candidates for the representation of Limerick, Mr. Ball and Major Gavin, are canvassing their supporters with untiring zeal. The electors are split up into various parties under several influential gentlemen, so that it would be utterly impossible for any candidate to concentrate their entire interest in his favor; but so far Mr. Ball has been most successful, and although, as things now stand, a hot contest is likely to take place, there can be little doubt of his return.

**Louth.**

A farmer named James Hamill, of Miltown Grange, met with a serious accident which resulted in the loss of his life. He left Dundalk for home, after having sold his corn, when a neighbor named Toal preceded him with his own cart. Hamill was seated on the shaft of his cart, and about half a mile from town, his horse, which was blind, turned down a lane, when the cart was upset, and the poor man was crushed to death beneath it. Toal, on missing him, returned and found him dead under the cart. Deceased was a man of good character. An inquest was held on the body, when a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts given above.

At the Carlingford Petty Sessions, a case of some importance, involving the right of several parties to take the sea weed along the shore, came before the magistrates. The complainant was Mr. Mullholland, who recently purchased a large portion of the Marquis of Anglesey's Estate, in the neighborhood of Carlingford, and the defendants were tenants of other gentlemen residing in that locality who had also purchased some of the same estates. The cases were dismissed without prejudice.

Mr. John D. Neurzett, classical teacher in the Endowed Dundalk School, and a Swiss, delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture in the Assembly Rooms, on his native country. The lecturer gave evidence of rare historical research, and what was far better, of admiration of that sterling patriotism so enthusiastically personified by the glorious mountaineer, William Tell.

The assizes will commence in Drogheda on Monday, the 22d February. Mr. Justice Ball will preside in the Crown Court at Dundalk, and Mr. Justice Perrin in the Record Court. The criminal business here will be light; but we understand there will be five records. The criminal record for Drogheda is somewhat heavy.—*Neurzy Examiner.*

On Monday evening, the 8th day of February, a lecture was delivered in the Drogheda Mechanics' Institute, on "Beranger," with selections from his popular songs, by John Thomas Rowland, Esq., Solicitor.

**Meath.**

Some person, signing himself "George W. Smith," writes to the *Nation* in reference to certain articles on the Indian affair, and cries out for the name of the author of the articles aforesaid, that he might call upon him and see what he is made of. The editor replies coolly, giving his name and address, and the times at which he may be found in his office. He superadds the height from the window to the street, and tells that the flagging is of hard granite. Our life on it, Mr. George W. Smith will not come from "The Douglas Arms, Castle Douglas, to the office in Lower Abbey street. His head seems to be thick enough, but it could never stand contact with granite. We take it that he would not be left on the flags, but would be sure to be carried humanely to the Lifey.—*People.*

**Queen's County.**

The town of Maryborough was recently lighted with gas for the first time.

**Roscommon.**

The sudden death of D. T. Hughes, Esq., of Ceeta, is a source of sincere regret to his numerous friends. Mr. Hughes was about to enter a vehicle at his hall door, to proceed to the fair of Athlone, when he dropped down and was a corpse—a disease of the heart caused his sudden and premature death.—*Journal.*

**Tipperary.**

A rock weighing nearly 50 lbs. was laid on one of the tracks of the Great Southern and Western Railway, at Knockahow, between Ballybrophy and Templemore. This dangerous discovery was fortunately discovered some short time before the passing of the down night mail train at this place. The intentions of the person who concocted the project can be inferred from the fact of two stones, of over two pounds each, being hurled at the mail train on the same night by a person or persons standing on the Knockahow bridge. One of these missiles, evidently intended for the driver, struck the engine and rebounded therefrom without doing any injury. The company dismissed some subordinates for irregularities from this portion of the line a short time previous to this attempt at the destruction of human life.

The bakehouse and other back concerns of the house lately occupied by James Ryan, 42 Main street, Tipperary, were lately discovered to be on fire by the watchman of the town, but notwithstanding every effort made to extinguish the conflagration, the flames continued to rage with unabated fury until the whole of the out-offices were entirely destroyed. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—*Cronnel Chronicle.*

It is with no ordinary feelings of sorrow we, to-day, announce the death of Matthew Kennedy, of Nenagh, which melancholy event occurred at his residence there, very suddenly, on Saturday, the 23d of January. Whoever will read these lines, who has been acquainted with the political struggles of

Tipperary during the past years—no matter in what quarter of the globe fate might have cast his lot—will not fail to shed a tear over the premature grave of one of the best and boldest patriots that ever Tipperary gave to the cause of Ireland.—*Nation.*

**Waterford.**

For some weeks past a man named Murphy, residing in Ballybricken, might be seen every day in the week, rapidly walking from the lane at the Tower to another given point at the west end of the quay, for several hours, and it was calculated that he must have walked at least from twenty to four-and-twenty miles each day. He invariably carried a stick in his right hand, in a horizontal position, and never used it to assist him in his extraordinary peregrinations. His appearance was respectable, and his conduct perfectly quiet. It is said he met with a severe loss, which so preyed on his mind that his intellect became affected. For the last week it was observed he walked at a much slower pace than he was in the habit of, and it was quite evident his strength and health were giving way, the effects of over exertion. Fearing he would fall a victim to his delirium, his friends had him arrested on his walk, and he was conveyed on a car to the lunatic asylum, guarded by four or five policemen, and offered little or no opposition to his captors.—*Mail.*

A French vessel, laden with coals from Llanelly to St. Malo, and a crew of six men, were driven into Tramore Bay, and stranded on the bar of the Rabbit Burrow. Four fishermen put out in their boat, but, unfortunately, she was capsized by a tremendous sea rolling in, and, melancholy to relate, two of them were drowned, the sea at the time running very high; the other two saved themselves by clinging to the keel of the boat. One of the crew of the strange vessel was washed overboard, and perished.—*Ibid.*

A little child in Newport's lane was severely burnt by her clothes catching fire, while its parents were out; a little girl was left in charge of the child, but she went out into the garden, and while absent the accident occurred. So severe was it that the poor thing died in a few hours. This is a very reprehensible practice on the part of parents and too often followed.—*News.*

A very able and highly interesting lecture on "America, its history, colonization, and institutions," was delivered before the Dungan Catholic Young Men's Society, by Mr. Edward Rowan of the Collegiate Seminary, Mount Mellary.

The town of Lismore is in mourning for the Duke of Devonshire.

**Wicklow.**

The Lord Chancellor has, on the recommendation of the Earl of Wicklow, Lieutenant of the County, been pleased to appoint Christopher O'Connell Fitzsimon, Esq., of Glancullen, to the commission of the peace for the county of Wicklow.

**FATHER CONWAY AND HIS PROSECUTORS.**

The *Evening Star* informs the public that the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland has refused to change the venue in the case of the Mayo Clergy from Dublin to that county, and that the trial will take place in Dublin about the middle of February. This attests not only the accuracy of the *Star*, but also the amount of interest bestowed upon a great question involving not only the deepest feelings, but the constitutional rights of Irish Catholics. Of course, as everybody knows, two out of three of the judges of the Queen's Bench have not refused to change the venue from Dublin to Mayo, but have granted the Attorney-General's application to change the venue from Mayo to Dublin. Mr. Justice Perrin dissented, and was overruled. Of course, in either county trial by jury is the same in its essential features. There are honest men in both counties, and in both it might happen that an unscrupulous use of the powers of the crown prosecutor might pack a jury against the defendants. What is incomprehensible to us on any other theory than that to which we have had to have recourse at every stage of this iniquitous business, is the infatuation of the Whig Ministry in trusting to the blundering zeal of their Catholic Attorney-General. It is quite clear that the success of his motion will increase their defeat in case of acquittal, and will deprive a conviction of all its moral weight. As to the infamy of the proceeding, there cannot be two opinions. We have no doubt that to the Reverend defendants it is not a matter of much concernment. Father Conway has not embarked in this struggle without calculating the consequences. He remains true to the principle which has ever actuated his conduct, that of caring nothing for his own interests when the cause of the Church or of the people demanded a sacrifice. He is not defending himself; he defends freedom of election, the rights of the Clergy, the cause of the Church and of the country, and the fair administration of justice.

All these are attacked in his person, and they could not have a champion more undismayed. Whatever the result, he will have the consciousness of having done his duty. If the people of Ireland have any love for their Clergy and any care for their own rights, if they can feel any indignation against insolent domination working by pettifogging tricks, they will stand by Father Conway with a firm determination to convert this fell and deliberate outrage upon justice, religion, and liberty, into a disaster for the Whigs. But their support must not be confined to good wishes. They must provide funds for the contest, and not leave a Priest whose whole life has been spent in their service to be crushed by expenses, which none but men of private fortune could encounter. It is every man's cause, and every man should contribute.—*Dublin Tablet.*

**CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.****Foreign.**

**SOLENN TE DEUM FOR THE ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.**—A solemn service of thanksgiving took place, in the presence of the French Ambassador, at the French chapel, King street, Portman square. After the vespers had concluded, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was conducted in procession from the presbytery to the high altar, which was magnificently adorned and furnished with innumerable lights for the occasion. Having arrived at the altar, his Eminence delivered an eloquent and striking discourse in the French language.

**DEATH OF THE REV. T. KEAVENY, P.P.**—We regret to have to record the premature death of the zealous and estimable parish priest of Annadown. He was seized with scarlet fever in the discharge of his missionary duties, and was carried off in the prime of life after an illness of four days. His remains were interred in the parish church of Annadown, amid the prayerful tears and lamentations of a grateful and devoted flock. May he rest in peace.—*Tuam Herald.*

**DEATH OF THE REV. P. CURRAN, P.P.**—We have also to chronicle with regret the death of the old and worthy pastor of Athenry. His remains were interred in the churchyard of the beautiful new church lately erected in that parish. The solemn High Mass de requiem was celebrated by the Rev. J. O'Grady, P.P., assisted by the Rev. P. Duggan, P.P. and Rev. P. Corcoran, R.C.C., as deacon and sub-deacon.—*Ibid.*

In order to render effective support to the bishops and priests of Piedmont who are laboring in the vineyard of the Lord in other countries, the Very Rev. Canon Dr. Ortaldo, head of the Propaganda at Turin, with the generous assistance of the bishops of the kingdom (twenty-seven, we think in number), is now engaged in organizing a grand Universal Exhibition or bazaar, which is announced to take place about the end of February. The contributions are collected by the 621 bishops and priests from various parts of the world, and already some of them have forwarded to Turin presents from Jerusalem, Egypt, China, India, &c. Some of these contributions are exceedingly valuable, and indeed were estimated up to the 15th of December to be worth about 25,000 francs; so that when all the articles have arrived the value will be very considerable.

The Very Rev. Dr. Finnelly, Vicar General of Madras, and brother to the bishop of that diocese, is at present in Kilkenny. After a residence of more than twelve years in India, the very reverend gentleman has returned to his native country, for the purpose of raising funds to meet the necessities of religion in his mission. He has already appealed with success to the several parishes of Cashel and Emly, his native diocese, as also to the Catholics of several other parts of Ireland.

A letter from Rome announces that his Holiness had placed Cardinal Riarso Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, among the Cardinals who compose the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and his Eminence Cardinal Alfieri among the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs.

At the *Te Deum* celebrated at St. Peter's, in the Roman Catholic Church, on the occasion of the Emperor Napoleon's escape from assassination, the Emperor Alexander and the Grand Duke Constantine were represented by grand officers of their household.

Miss Madden, of Galway, took the veil at the Convent of St. Mary of the Angels, Holloway. The ceremony was witnessed by a large assemblage of persons, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. Manning.

The fourth annual reunion for the benefit of the Catholic poor schools of Birmingham took place at the Town-hall. There were nearly 1,800 persons present.

The consecration of the Right Rev. Doctor O'Tea, bishop elect of the diocese of Ross, took place on Sunday, the 7th February, in Skibbereen Cathedral.—*Cork Examiner.*

The Rev. P. Meany, C.C., has been translated by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien from Clashmore to the parishes of Mochil and Rathcormae, near Carrick-on-Suir.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree raising the salaries of the bishops from 12,000, to 15,000, a year from the beginning of the present year.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam held confirmation in his cathedral on the 20th January, on which occasion over 500 were confirmed.

**Domestic.**

**THE EDGEFIELD CHURCH.**—The corner stone of the Edgefield Church, soon to be erected in our village, was formally laid on Wednesday, according to previous announcement. The Very Rev. Dr. Lynch officiated in chief, and was assisted by Father Birmingham. A number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. The discourse of Dr. Lynch was instructive and forcible. It was the out-spoken reflections of a learned man and a true Christian. Within the corner stone were deposited sundry articles of the present hour, whether or not to see the light in a future day, remains for old time to decide. Among these were an appropriate Latin motto, by Dr. Lynch; the list of subscriptions to the new church edifice; the *Catholic Miscellany*; the *Edgefield Advertiser*, &c. In such good company as this, we shall hope that our name will go happily down the stream of time.—*Edgefield Advertiser.*

In the Chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., on the morning of the 16th of February, Miss Rebecca C. Green, of Charles County, Md., received the White Veil, and with it the religious name of Sister Clare Agnes. Rev. Father Paresse, S.J., preached and performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Father Lachat, S.J.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

We learn that the consecration of Rev. Dr. P. N. Lynch as Bishop of the See of Charleston, will take place on the second Sunday in March. Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, and Right Rev. Bishop Barry of Savannah, will assist at the ceremonies. Archbishop Hughes of New York is expected to be present.—*Ibid.*

The Provincial Council of the Province of Baltimore is summoned to meet in the Metropolitan Church, on Sunday, May 2d.—*Ibid.*

**IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.****MARRIAGES.**

January 25, at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough street, Dublin, J. B. Daly, Esq., to Henriette Emily, daughter of Henry Comerford, Esq., J.P., Merchant's road, Galway, and Ballykall, in the county Clare.

January 26, Lieutenant John Tymon, Baskenhill, county Dublin, to Anna Maria, daughter of W. Mulville, Esq., M.D., of Gort, county Galway.

January 27, in the Metropolitan Church, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, William H. F. Cogan, Esq., M. to Gertrude Mary, only surviving child of Francis Kyan, Esq.

January 28, at St. Mary's Church, Mr. Adam Lennon, to Matilda, daughter of Charles M. Bunn, Esq., Butterfield House, Rathfrilandham.

January 19, at Mo'dilly, Captain Herriek, of the 12th regiment, to Margaretta, daughter of the Rev. Robert Warren, of Crookstown House, county Cork.

January 20, at Croobynne, Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., to Marietta, daughter of M. B. Browne, Esq., of Woodstock, county Mayo.

January 20, at Tarbert, county Kerry, Lieutenant Spencer C. Pickard, daughter of the late Robert Leslie, Esq., of Tarbert House.

January 20, at Desertcreat, George, only son of Edward M'Crea, Esq., of Donaghirk House, to Kate Cecilia, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Orlington, of Westport, county Mayo.

January 20, at Tulla, county Clare, David Courtney, Esq., M.D., to Lizzie, daughter of the late Rev. R. Brew, rector of Tulla.

January 21, at the Catholic Church, Ballincollig, John, son of D. McDonnell, Esq., of Waterfall, county Cork, to Margaret, daughter of the late Timothy Reardon, Esq.

January 23, in Belfast, Charles, son of the late John Byrne, Esq., of Malone, Belfast, to Blanche, daughter of T. Amo, Esq., of London.

January 25, in Clonmel, Edward Shaw, Esq., of Dungan, to Marianne, daughter of William J. Harvey, Esq., of Clonmel.

January 25, at Clonsilla, John, son of John Quin, Esq., of Limerick, to Eliza, daughter of the late John Bennett, Esq., of Coolestake, in the county Limerick.

January 27, at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough street, Edmund Walter Kelly, Esq., of Serege, county Roscommon, to Sarah Helena, daughter of Gregory Martyn, Esq., of Grogans Castle, county Clare.

**DEATHS.**

January 21, at the residence of her father, Mr. William Reid, Glanevin, Mary, wife of John O'Neill, Richmond street.

January 22, at Everton, Liverpool, Mary Martin, relict of Richard Wright, Esq., solicitor, formerly of Dublin.

January 25, at Leinster-square, Rathmines, county Dublin, Mr. Thomas Coyle, late of Tullow street, Carlow, in the 85th year of his age.

January 18, at Clonsilla, county Cavan, of apoplexy, Edward Plunkett, Esq.

January 15, at Springfield, county Clare, aged 83 years, Francis Morris, Esq., secretary to the grand jury of that county for nearly forty years.

January 16, in Downpatrick, William, eldest son of the late N. Conter, Esq.

January 16, in Youghal, Winifred, widow of William Garde, Esq., of Bubyry Hill, county Cork.

January 18, at Rosanna, in the county Wicklow, Gertrude, fifth daughter of Daniel Tighe, Esq.

January 18, in Enniskillen, aged 82 years, the Rev. John Nesbitt.

January 19, at Ballinderry, James C. Mahon, Esq., formerly of Beech Hill, county Galway.

January 19, at Ballynagh, county Kilkenny, Mary, daughter of Martin Coghlan, Esq.

January 20, at his residence, Castle Troy, county Limerick, Henry Matterson, Esq., aged 81.

January 20, at Portlewart, in the county of Derry, William W. Campbell, Esq.

January 22, at Newtownhamilton, county Armagh, Isabella, wife of the Rev. Charles Crosbie.

January 22, at Shamrock Lodge, county Kildare, Wm. Grattan, Esq., formerly Lieutenant in the 88th Connaught Rangers, aged 66.

January 23, in New Ross, Benjamin Banks, Esq., for many years connected with the Provincial Bank of Ireland.

January 28, in Clonmel, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Jordan, rector of Templederby, co. Tipperary.

January 21, in Paris, Matthew Pennefather, Esq., of New Park, county Tipperary.

In Cahel, Jerome Lomaxney, Esq., solicitor.

In Waterford, Hannah, relict of W. Shearman, Esq., of Greenvale, county Kilkenny.

January 15, at 49 Montgomery street, Dublin, Mrs. Christiana Rogers, at the advanced age of 102 years, deeply and sincerely regretted. She was the last descendant of the Moores, of Ballynary, county Meath.

January 26, at Gorey, county Wexford, Mrs. Margaret Rowler, relict of Laurence Fowler.

January 24, in Enniskillen, county Carlow, in the 50th year of his age, W. E. War en.

January 24, at Southampton, Made Hobson, Esq., son of the late Edward Hobson, Waterford.

January 27, at Aryston, county Wicklow, Jane, eldest surviving daughter of the late Jeremiah Keller, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

On the 20th ult., after a short illness, Mr. Patrick Duffy, of Carraghbawn, Ardree, son of the late Mr. P. Duffy, of Gilbertstown.

## HOME MISCELLANY.

**THE ANIMALS OF CALIFORNIA.**—There are many animals in California which are not found in the same latitude in the East; as well as many varieties of birds, which, though not belonging to different species, possess a color and note peculiar to this section of our country. The formidable grizzly bear, an animal more abundant in the State than any other variety of its species, attains its largest size in the Coast Mountains. There are interminable ravines and dark defiles in this range supplied with gushing springs—the water tumbling down rugged canons, shaded by live oaks, laurel, and other evergreens, and these afford secure retreats for this champion of American wilds. The low hills adjacent are covered with wild and tame cattle and horses, whose ranges were once occupied by herds of elk and antelope—and upon these—either dead or living, the bears partially subsist, varying their repast with acorns, roots, &c. It is definitely ascertained that the largest of them will weigh, when very fat, two thousand pounds. They are of a dark gray color on the back, changing gradually to a darker hue on the limbs, the lower extremities being nearly black. No description can place this terrific monster before the mind as he is seen in his native haunts; comparatively harmless when undisturbed on the plain or mountain, even somewhat fearful of man, with a rolling pace, a small, dull, and seemingly inattentive eye, it frequently deceives the hunter who does not appreciate its fierce nature when it is aroused; and when once wounded with the bullet, it will turn instantly toward the object of attack, with a furious snarl and roar that no ordinary nerves can withstand. The most successful method for taking it is to build a strong trap of logs in some secluded ravine where the animals range; or it may be safely captured by the Spanish method of throwing the lasso over it. Several expert riders can easily secure it by throwing the lasso around its feet and dragging it down with their horses. The grizzly bear is the first of four varieties known in California. The second is called the brown or Russian bear, which it nearly resembles. It attains to a great size, but is rarely met with. The third is a more common variety, and is known as the "cinnamon bear;" it is of a brilliant reddish brown, and its fur is fine. It is found to weigh one thousand pounds, though the average weight may be stated at four or five hundred. The habits of this variety are similar to those of the grizzlies. It occupies the mountain regions and the immense swamps along the rivers and sloughs. We designate the black bear as the fourth variety. It is rarely seen except in the northern portion of the State, where it exists in great numbers, occupying the rugged regions toward Oregon. But it is our purpose to speak of animals peculiar to the country. The California lion is found occasionally in the Sierra Nevada, but more frequently in the Coast range, where it preys upon wild animals, young cattle, colts, &c. It bears a resemblance to the panther, though much larger and more compactly built. It roars in the night after the manner of the leopard; but it is seldom heard. The California hare is an object of much interest to the traveller. It is very large, weighing twenty pounds when fat. Its tail is black and its ears are surprisingly long—measuring eight or ten inches. Hares are most frequently found in the barren hills, where they hide securely in clumps of artemisia or sage brush. The common rabbit of the country is not as large as that of the East. Fishers, otter, and beaver are unusually abundant. Many kinds of squirrels are seen, of which the best variety is the large pine squirrel of the mountains. This is certainly the finest squirrel in America. Its color is a bright gray, it has a majestic flowing tail and large brilliant eyes. Its size exceeds that of any other squirrel known to us. There is a sort of ground squirrel which exists in immense numbers in the farming districts, and is exceedingly troublesome to the settlers. Its burrows frequently occupy many acres and contain thousands of squirrels, which make havoc upon anything planted in the neighborhood. Elk, antelope, and deer are numerous. The variety of the latter known as the black-tail deer is very abundant in the retired portions of the country. Of wolves there are two varieties—the large gray wolf is seldom seen, but the coyotes or Mexican wolves are very numerous—they are very small and nimble-footed, generally having a half-strayed appearance, and form a remarkable contrast to the usual hardihood of the animated nature of California, as this is generally endowed with great powers of endurance and unusual ferocity, corresponding with the rough, ungainly country. American cattle driven there become nearly as wild and intractable as the Spanish breed, and will fight with the greatest fury when irritated; and even man with his boasted superiority is completely under the influence of those hidden forces that produce energy, and that act upon him in a manner which he wonders at, but soon learns to love and cherish.—*Joel Reed.*

**CAMEL TRANSPORTATION.**—Parties who are preparing to import a large number of camels, declare themselves ready to submit proposals for transporting the army supplies to Utah via Texas by camel trains, twenty-five per cent. less than the cost of transportation in any other way. A gentleman of some distinction in Texas is making arrangements to establish an extensive camel-park on the line between Corpus Christi and El Paso, to which point—and to Arizona when it shall be organized—it is also proposed to open weekly lines, for mails, army and general transportation.

**WALLED LAKE IN IOWA.—A CURIOSITY.**—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Iowa, gives the following account of a wonderful relic of antiquity existing in that State. He writes: "I have intended for some time to call the readers of the *Gazette* a description of Wall Lake, which is situated in Wright County, Iowa. To me it was one of the greatest curiosities I had ever seen—enveloped as its history is with a mantle that will probably never be withdrawn. This Lake lies in the midst of a large plain—the rich, gently undulating prairie extending for many miles in every direction. The Lake covers an area of about 1,900 acres. The water is clear and cold, with a hard sandy bottom, from two to twenty-five feet deep. There is a strip of timber about half way round it, probably ten rods wide, being the only timber in many miles. There is a wall of heavy stone all around it. It is no accidental matter. It has been built with human hands. In some places the wall is higher than the Lake, in which case the wall amounts to something like a rip rap protection. This, I believe, is what the engineers call it. But in other places the water is higher in the Lake than the prairie outside the wall. The wall in some places is ten feet high; it is thirteen feet wide on the top. The wall is built entirely of boulders, from three tons in size down to fifty pounds. They are all what are called *lost rock*. I am no geologist, and consequently can give no learned description of them. They are not, however, natives to the manor born. Nor has the wall been made by the washing away of the earth and leaving the rocks. There is no native rock in this region. Besides this, it is a continuous wall, two miles of which, at least, is higher than the land. The top of the wall is level, while the land is undulating, so the wall is in some places two feet, and in others ten feet high. These rocks, many of them at least, must have been brought a long distance—probably five or six miles. In Wright County, the best rocks are scattered pretty freely, but as you approach this Lake they disappear, showing that they have been gathered by some agency, when or by whom history will never unfold. Some of the largest oaks in the grove are growing up through the wall, pushing the rocks in, in some cases, outside, in others, accommodating their shapes to the rocks. The Lake abounds with excellent fish. The land in that township belongs to the Government. When I was there in the spring of 1856, the wind had blown a large piece of ice against the southwest part of the wall and had knocked it down, so that the water was running out, and flooding the farms of some of the settlers, and they were about to repair the wall to protect their crops. It is beautiful farmland nearly all around this lovely Lake. The readers of the *Gazette* should not imagine that the wall around this Lake is as regular and as nice as the wall around the fountain in front of the City Hall in New York, nor need entertain the theory that it is a natural wall; but it has been built hundreds and probably thousands of years. The antiquarian may speculate by whom this mighty as well as ornamental work was done, but it will be only speculation. Notwithstanding, the water in the Lake is pure and cold, there is no visible feeder or outlet. This Lake is about twelve miles north of the located line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of the former place. The time is coming when the Lake will be a great place of public resort."

**THE NAVAJO INDIANS.—WOMAN'S RIGHTS.**—The Navajoe is the largest and most powerful tribe of Indians in New Mexico, and can call to the field 3,000 warriors. They are at present on terms of friendship with Americans. They believe they are the greatest people living. This arises from the fact that they have never seen any array of forces equal to their own. They raise a great number of sheep and horses, and manufacture a good article of blanket. They also produce considerable corn and wheat, more than is necessary for their own consumption. The Navajoes differ in their customs from most other Indians. Their females are more respected than with any other tribe, except, probably, the Pueblos. Indeed, the doctrine of woman's rights is practically adopted among them. Frequently the females have as much authority in the affairs of government as the males. Authority is vested according to the value of property possessed. The women have a voice in the councils, and have their own property, over which the husband has no control. While authority follows the possession of property holders, yet privileged classes are very cautious in their actions. Indeed, they dare not evade the rights of the masses. In this there could not be a purer Democracy. Any law that does not, practically, respect the rights of all, is rebelled against and totally disregarded.

**TRAVELLING ON THE PLAINS.**—A recent traveller across the plains says one of the most curious objects that attract attention is the bleached buffalo skulls whitening the wayside: "Many are the names and bulletins pencilled on them; and by continually reading one begins to learn the biography of those in front, and feel an interest and a companionship in their progress. Perhaps we catch up another train, we all chat together, names drop out. 'Oh!' one answers, 'I know your name, I read it on a buffalo head three weeks ago; you're from —, are you not?' Sometimes one reads short camp anecdotes or accidents, such as 'Woman shot to-day by her husband taking his gun loaded into the wagon—not expected to recover;' then, 'Woman shot on Thursday doing well.'"

**DESCRIPTION OF THE OTTAWA RIVER AND COUNTRY.**—The Ottawa River, passing through the very center of Canada, and dividing Upper from Lower Canada, offers to the eye of the tourist objects of the wildest and most romantic interest—mighty cataract and sleeping lake. All who view its magnificent scenery, and understand its enormous resources, admire the one and are surprised at the other. Well did the red men, long ago, call the Ottawa their "Great River." Though the finest of Canadian rivers, yet it is, comparatively, but little known. At the foot of Cheneaux Rapids, five miles below the village of Portage du Fort, the Ottawa expands into a beautiful lake, named Des Chats (the Cats), extending downward sixteen miles, to the head of the rapids of the same name. The lake is from one to four miles in width, with small wooded islets scattered over its surface. The rapids at the foot of this lake, thirty-seven miles above the city of Ottawa, interrupt the navigation of the river. This series of rapids and cascades is very beautiful. The cascades are separated by islands, which are covered with trees. That portion of the Ottawa which, from its great depth, is called Deep River, is thirty miles long, with an almost uniform width of over half a mile. It presents, for many miles, an unbroken line of view. The north side is rock-bound through the whole distance, and is called Deep River Mountain. It is more than one thousand feet high. Six miles above the city of Ottawa, near the village of Aylmer, the Ottawa begins to close in, and the river becomes rapid. Here commences the rapids terminating at the Chaudiere Falls, at the city of Ottawa, which, though inferior in magnitude to those of Niagara, yet, as presenting more variety, are, perhaps, more permanently interesting. These, in extent, are second only to Niagara Falls, while the surrounding scenery is far more beautiful and varied. The word *chaudiere* is the literal French translation of the Indian name, signifying *kettle*; and the chasm into which the river here discharges its waters, resembles a kettle in shape, while the seething, foaming contents perfect the resemblance. The air above is filled with spray, and, as at Niagara, when the sun shines brightly, the "kettle" is spanned with the vivid arch of the rainbow; at times more than one is seen. Immediately below the falls, the main channel of the river, which becomes there very deep and narrow, is spanned by a wire suspension bridge. This bridge is a very handsome structure, and after the great suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, it is one of the first on this continent. It is a government work, at the cost of \$66,443. Ottawa City bids fair soon to become the Lowell of Canada. It has a population of ten thousand souls, and it is, perhaps, the most orderly city on this continent. About one third of the population consists of the French Canadians, induced to settle here by the lumber trade. Around, are abundance of mineral and forest wealth, and it has all the advantages of centralization and ready communications. It has recently been made the capital of Canada, which, with its other advantages, will make it the city of central Canada. Ottawa City is situated on the right or south bank of the river, one hundred and twenty-five miles west of Montreal and fifty-three miles north of Prescott, opposite Ogdensburgh. A single track railroad connects it with Prescott, and a railroad is building to connect it with Kingston. In 1826, when the Rideau Canal was surveyed, the side on which Ottawa City stands was a wilderness.

**A BENEVOLENT PHYSICIAN "SOLD."**—The *Troy Budget* tells a good story of the manner in which a certain M. D., residing in Troy, was recently taken in and completely "sold" by a German, a stranger. It seems the latter called on the aforementioned disciple of Esculapius for medical assistance, told him that he was here without money and without friends, and showed him papers which represented that he was worth considerable property at Chicago. The Doctor, in the "goodness of his heart," took the stranger in and "properly cared for him," until he died on his hands. Before "grim death" had seized him, he made a will, leaving all his property to his benefactor, at the same time drawing a check for \$3,500 in a western bank—that being the amount he stated he had on deposit at such bank—and kindly donated the proceeds to the Doctor. Rumor adds that he was decently laid out at the house of the Doctor, and buried in a respectable manner; but it is added that the property, check, money, &c., said to be owned by the deceased, have since turned out to be all in "his eye," and the Doctor's anticipations of realizing a "small fortune" have been blasted.

**OVERHEATED ROOMS.**—An exchange paper gives the following seasonable and sound advice on this subject: "The extraordinary mildness of the season has caused some predictions of sickness—which are likely to be forwarded in their fulfilment by the unhealthy temperature at which people usually keep their rooms. Almost every parlor into which one enters is so heated that the comer-in feels very uncomfortable for some minutes, though he may gradually become so accustomed to it as to get through a visit, or, if a lady, may find relief in the use of a fan. If the annoyance is too severely felt, the mistress of the house will perhaps apologize by saying that the servants never know how to regulate the furnace, &c. Truly, the artificial heat generated in our city dwellings—houses, in this weather, is as great as if the thermometer stood at zero. What must be the effect of living in such an atmosphere? It is torture to those who come from the open air—it is a sure poison to those who accustom themselves to its exhalation."

**A VERDANT PAIR IN AN OMNIBUS.**—A rather amusing incident took place here recently, says the Philadelphia *Gazette*. People who are accustomed to riding in the Twelfth street omnibuses will remember that an agent is stationed at the corner of Race street, to prevent any sixpenny short comings on the part of the drivers. While standing at his post, the agent observed a young couple who, it was evident at first sight, had never before visited this or any other city. The young gentleman was dressed in a grey suit of home-made cassimere, while the lady flaunted in a low-priced delaine of a highly exaggerated pattern. The agent inquired if they desired to ride, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, stopped an omnibus then passing. The twain entered the vehicle, and had ridden as far as Chestnut street, when the driver gave the customary rap on the roof of the 'bus, as a hint that the fare should be forthcoming. The couple took no notice, but chatted away most cheerily about the brick and mortar wonders spread out before them. Pretty soon the driver put his hand through the circular aperture behind him, and held it to receive the usual fee. Greatly to our surprise, as well as to the mirth of the other passengers, the lassie aforesaid jumped from her seat, seized the grimy paw of the importunate Jehu, and shook it with a cordiality that fairly made its owner wince. "Well, I declare," said she, "but I am glad to see you." Then seating herself and turning to her companion added, "Why Josh, that air must be Jake—Jake's in the city, you know." As soon as I got done riding I'm a going to have a regular talk with him." The driver, who overheard this remark, and was sitting convulsed upon his box, soon reinserted his hand, and again received a hearty shake in a good old pump-handle style. "All right," says she, "I'll see you by and by." At this moment a lady who had crammed a pocket handkerchief in her mouth to prevent herself from laughing, asked the attention of the country lassie, who asked, "what are ye lairin at, anyhow?" A gentleman present who had partially regained his composure, explained in a very delicate manner the mysteries connected with omnibus pigeon holes and drivers' hands inserted in them. The poor girl was so abashed at her verdancy, that she tendered her shilling in silence, alighted immediately from the vehicle, and followed by her male companion disappeared up Eighth street.

**A HUNDRED HOURS' WALK.**—The feat of walking continuously during one hundred hours, which has been accomplished in other cities, has been performed in Springfield, Mass., at Smith's bowling-alley. The pedestrian was Alfred Elson, known as the "London Antelope," from his fleetness on the foot as well as his powers of endurance. His fourth and last day was decidedly the hardest. He began to lag at midnight. When within twenty-four hours of the goal, his attendants had considerable difficulty in keeping him on the plank. Finally, however, by chafing his hands, he was sufficiently revived to use the dumb bells for an hour, after which he felt better. He also seemed to be encouraged by the presence of visitors, although at times he looked as though he was almost ready to "gin out." The last half hour was one of great difficulty, and required the constant watching and assistance of his friends, who did not hold him up, but endeavored, by walking beside him, to keep him awake and renew his courage. The clock struck twelve—he had completed his hundred hours, and the very senseless exhibition was ended. The feat being accomplished, Elson's method is to first take a warm bath, get his skin into a healthy glow, and afterwards sleep for an hour and a half. He is then waked up and walked about the room for half an hour, when he again sleeps for three hours. After another waking and a walk, he goes to bed a third time and wakes up fresh. Elson walked on a raised platform fifty feet long, and was not required to make any particular distance or speed, but only to keep constantly in motion. He therefore ate his food as he walked, having it cut up for him and taking it from a shelf at one end of the platform. When he used the dumb bells, which he often did in order to draw the circulation of blood from his legs by giving sufficient exercise to other parts of the body, he still used his feet, going, however, very slowly.

**TEACHING SCHOOL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.**—A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing from Franklin, Mass., relates the following: "One of the district schools has recently been the scene of a singular disturbance. The teacher undertook to punish a disobedient girl about fifteen years of age, when she seized him by the hair of the head and a contest ensued. She snatched away one rod from him and broke it up, but he was fortunately supplied with another, and with this he succeeded in punishing her severely. Judging from appearance that she might dodge out of the door when his back was turned, he turned the key thereof. A brother of the unruly girl had run out while the whipping was going on, and told his mother that the teacher was killing his sister; whereupon she started off for the school-house. She arrived there just as the key was turned, and very unceremoniously went through the door, without asking to have it unlocked. She clenched the teacher instantly, who was as much astonished at her unexpected advent and attack as he would have been if a tiger had pounced upon him. He kept her at arm's length, however, until they came to terms. The woman subsequently made the following expression, in substance: 'If I had not driven the breath out of my own body by running a half mile, I should have knocked the breath out of his.'"

**JOE SMITH'S FAMILY AT NAUVOO.**—A correspondent of the Missouri *Republican* writes that last summer he was at Nauvoo and conversed with Mr. Bitoman, who is married to Joe Smith's widow. He says: "I sat at the table with the family, consisting of Mr. Bitoman and wife, and three sons of Joe Smith, the eldest about 23 or 24; the second about 20; the third a lad of some 12 or 13 years. From Mr. Bitoman I learned that not one of the family believed in Mormonism, and that his wife—formerly Mrs. Smith—had always been opposed to them, as well as the boys. Mrs. Bitoman is a masculine, intelligent-looking lady, of 45 or 47 years. She is a native of New York. She has a splendid farm some four miles from Nauvoo, which is managed by her two eldest sons, while David goes to school. About the two eldest there is nothing remarkable to be seen. They are intelligent men, of large size, but have nothing in their appearance betokening them to be prophets, or 'sons of a prophet.' To their mother they are said to be very much attached and very kind. David is an uncommonly intelligent lad, of massive forehead and bright, expressive eyes. His stepfather intimated that he cares as little about Mormons and Mormonism as one that has never heard the names, notwithstanding that thousands of the followers of his father believe him to be a great high priest, a prophet and seer (in embryo), &c. The following incident I learned from a gentleman residing at Nauvoo. That when Joe was killed in jail, some fifteen miles from his home, his wife and son took possession of his body, and, to prevent the people from getting it, they raised the floor of the dining-room, and digging a grave, buried his remains there, where they still remain. This story, whether true or not, is generally believed in Nauvoo."

**ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.**—The Havana correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune* relates the following interesting incident: "The small-pox is now making sad havoc in this city. Among the distinguished victims are Dona Antonio Rubio de Capuzana, wife of the Intendente. Her illness lasted about four days only. Her funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in this city. Among those who followed her to her last resting-place was the young Count Villanueva, the only son and heir of the celebrated Cuban financier, Pimilios. On his return from the cemetery he was taken sick, and notwithstanding all that medical science could do for him, he died, and was buried exactly one week from the time he accompanied his wife's friend to the grave. The death of young Villanueva has caused a profound sensation in the community, where he was much beloved by all classes. He was only twenty-five years old, and the sole heir and inheritor to the princely fortune amassed by his father. The title passes into the family of the Marquis de Aguas Claras, between whom and the old Count Villanueva there existed a deadly enmity, owing to the Marquis marrying the Count's only sister. The Count's sole objection to the rich Marquis's alliance with his sister was grounded on the fact that the Marquis was not pure blooded. Money, however, smoothed the road to fortune for the young millionaire, and the Queen of Spain pronounced him white, and gave him the title of Aguas Claras, anglicized *pure waters*, vulgarly translated by the Haboneros '*dirty waters*.' The wheel of fortune turned rapidly. Villanueva died suddenly at Madrid, his amiable and virtuous wife has gone blind, and the only son of the haughty old man died with the loathsome small-pox, and the title has passed into the hands of his detested enemy. Such is the destiny of man!"

**BEWARE OF QUACK MEDICINES.**—We hear of a sad case of death in Frankfort, which happened by using a quack medicine bought of a pedlar. A middle aged lady had been complaining of rheumatism in her back. A few days since a pedlar called at the lady's house with medicines for sale. Amongst them he had a specific for the disease of which the lady complained. It being cheap, and the sufferer thinking it would do her no harm, bought a bottle of the pretended remedy and applied a portion of it to her back. The medicine being very powerful, drove the rheumatism inwardly to the heart. Spasms occurred immediately and the woman was prostrated. An eminent physician was called, and everything done to relieve the patient, but it was of no avail. She lingered along until yesterday, when she died. When will people learn to let these nostrums alone?—*Rochester Republican*.

**A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.**—An accident happened to a young lady, Miss Riley of Chambersburg, Penn., in Washington City, recently, which came near depriving her of life, and that in the most painful manner. She was stopping at the Kirkwood House, and was dressing for the grand ball to be given at the National. While doing this her clothes took fire, and she was instantly enveloped in flame. Her screams were terrific, attracting the attention of Mr. Jones, Postmaster of Madison, Wisconsin. He rushed to her room, and wrapping her in woollens, soon extinguished the flame. Her breast, neck, and arms, were terribly burned, but fortunately her face was not injured, though the burns were most serious. It is believed she will soon recover. The gentleman who came to her relief was seriously injured about the hands and face.

**POLITE CHILDREN.**—Everybody likes polite children. Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a high opinion of their parents. Children make a note of this.

**GOVERNMENT LANDS IN MICHIGAN.**—In reply to a question: "Is there any government land in market in the State of Michigan?" the *Republican*, published at Lapeer, in that State, says yes, and enough of it to furnish beautiful homesteads for every unemployed mechanic in the city of New York. Large tracts of land, unsurpassed in fertility, are open for entry in the Detroit and Saginaw districts, embracing the whole region bordering on Lake Huron, and extending several miles westward—forming a belt of land which some day must be the garden spot of Michigan. Having communication with the whole West by means of Lakes Michigan and Superior, and been located on one of the finest sheets of navigable waters in the world, within easy distance of populous districts of Canada and connected with Detroit, all the lake ports, and even with New York itself by a chain of waters that is one of the seven wonders of the world, it is surprising that this territory should have been so long neglected for localities that cannot begin to enumerate one-fiftieth part of the advantages this region possesses. The climate is delightful, and land can be had at from twenty-five cents to one dollar per acre. Improved farms can be bought at four to twelve dollars an acre.

**NO JEW FARMERS.**—The *Friend*, published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, contains the following curious statement: "Passing along the very busiest street of Honolulu, in the very busiest part of the day, a shopkeeper called our attention to the statement, which he asserted as a fact, upon the authority of the last census of the United States, that out of several hundred thousand (700,000) Jews residing in the United States, only one was registered as a farmer. He desired us to account for the fact. Upon the ordinary principles governing the migration and settlement of different nations resorting to the United States, this fact is unaccountable. It has no parallel. It stands forth marked and isolated. Other nations emigrating to America, gradually become absorbed, and mingled with the general population, but not so the Jews. Singular fact. Rare exception. How shall it be accounted for?"

**THE MINER AND HIS HAT.**—A miner, who had crossed the plains from California to Missouri, two years ago, and returned some six months since, was seen recently at Sonora sitting on the crown of his old hat, singing a parody on the "Irish Emigrant's Lament." At the time we refer to he was using the hat as a seat, and sang as follows:

"I'm sitting on this 'till, Mary,  
'Twas once my greatest pride;  
One fine May morning long ago  
I bought it—going to ride  
Across the dreary 'plains,' Mary—  
To shade my burning brow;  
'Twas a splendid hat two years ago,  
And it's mighty useful now."

We need not follow the hardy "miner" to the end of his hat-erogeneous parody.—*California paper*.

**A SENSIBLE GIRL.**—At a late ball in Baltimore, a gentleman—probably one of the codfish aristocracy—having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening. "Why, no sir," replied the fair one, "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me." "I shall be most happy," exclaimed the stricken swain. "Well, on Saturday," resumed the lady, "you can see me at the foot of Marsh's Market selling cabbage!"

**GOV. MARCY'S QUARTER-SECTION IN IOWA.**—The *Hamilton Freeman*, published in Webster City, Iowa, says: "A quarter-section of land is assessed in this county to William L. Marcy. The old statesman, we have understood, received a land-warrant for shouldering his musket in defence of his country, and this is undoubtedly the land upon which it was 'laid.' His 'heirs, administrators,' &c., should attend to 'paying the taxes,' else it may be sold to satisfy that small indebtedness. Vice-President Breckinridge tried to get some of our land last spring, but we believe did not succeed."

**LONGEVITY OF MULATTO WOMEN.**—Among the deaths reported in New Orleans, for the first week in January, 1858, were two mulatto women, whose ages were, respectively, one hundred and one hundred and one years. The *Picayune* says: "It is a somewhat remarkable fact that all of our longest liveders are mulatto women." This "remarkable fact" coincides with the opinion we have long entertained, and shall take occasion hereafter to explain, that woman has by nature a more enduring organization than man. This remark applies to all races alike.—*Life Illustrated*.

**BEEF FIVE CENTS A POUND.**—The *Rochester Union* says: "Good flour can be had at \$4 50, and the best \$5 50 per barrel; dressed hogs at six cents per pound; beef at five cents; mutton at four cents. Butter is plenty at fifteen cents per pound for prime, and thirteen cents for common. Eggs were never so plenty in mid-winter before. They were sold at ten cents per dozen this morning. Most other articles are sold at the same relative rates excepting potatoes, which are worth sixty-three cents per bushel for best."

**WHAT LUCY STONE SAID.**—She honored the wife of George Bancroft, who, when the Episcopal clergyman was pronouncing the service over her, came to the word *obey*, said, "I won't." The clergyman said he would not marry her; but she said she could wait. Mr. Bancroft said he had not chosen a woman who was not able to command herself. Her father commended her spirit, and the clergyman concluded to go on.

**A CRAZY MAN IN A BOX.**—The *Detroit Free Press* notices the passage through that city of a man having in charge a raving maniac, who was secured in a box for safety—on his way from Minnesota to Maine. The box was just sufficient to allow of his turning round in it, but not large enough to allow of his harming himself. When it was taken out of the cars it was set upon end, and the raving, glibbering maniac looked through the bars at the crowd who gathered around curiously, and beckoned on them to come and release him. He was taken out of his cage at Marshall, and fed.

**A CIVILIZED BEAR.**—The *Salem Register* says: "The usual course of things last Monday on our streets was enlivened by the appearance of a man, with a tame bear walking on his hind legs and dressed in female apparel, not even neglecting the hoops. On the skirts of the dress was printed in large letters, 'Exhibition of the World.' All the boys, both big boys and little boys, old boys and young boys, of course had to pay their respects to the stranger by showing him round town and treating him to ginger bread and apples."

**A PAIR OF HUSBANDS.**—A country editor perpetrates the following pun upon the marriage of Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

This case is the strangest we've known in our life. The husband's a husband, and so is the wife.

The directors of the Morris and Essex (N. J.) Railroad have adopted an advanced rate of fare, which is to go into effect shortly. Commuters to North Orange are advanced fifty per cent, and the way fair is advanced twenty-five per cent. This action has produced a general dissatisfaction on the part of the patrons of the road, who say they cannot see any reason for an additional cost of travelling, at a time when the price of labor, of property, of living, and of everything, in fact, is so much below the rates of the last few years. It is contemplated to start a line of omnibuses from Orange to Newark, which will take all the travel from the railroad.

The statue of Washington in the N. Y. City Hall Park has a history not generally known. It was made by Thom, the celebrated sculptor, who also made the celebrated group of Tam O'Shanter, and was distinguished for other works. Thom bought a farm in Rockland County, on the line of the Erie Railroad, about 1841, and enclosed himself in a beautiful stone cottage of his own design, and on his gate posts and lawn placed several pieces of statuary of his own construction, and among them the statue of Washington, now in the Park.

A student at Oxford, Miami County, visiting Troy, Ohio, lately, was told that a Dutchman had been made to believe that a lion had escaped from a menagerie and was prowling around. The student thought to play him a trick, and got inside of a buffalo skin and secreted himself in the cellar. The Dutchman was sent down on some pretended errand, and the lion sprang upon him, growling. The Dutchman caught up a cudgel and laid Mr. Lion sprawling, with his head cut open, where his friends found him senseless.

The discipline of the American army is peculiar. During the Mexican war, a great jealousy existed between the "Regulars" and the "Militia," the rank of whose respective officers occasionally clashed. General "Downy," of the militia, in passing a volunteer sentry, who was lounging on the trail of a gun, called out, "Stand up, sir, and salute, or I'll take you off your post;" whereupon the sentry applying his thumb to his nose, said, "That won't do, gen'ril, I tell ye; I was posted here by a regular lieutenant."

A Funchal correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* says that it is not an open question whether any more Madeira wine will ever be produced. None has been made since 1851, and there are now only some seven or eight thousand pipes upon the entire island. All recent attempts to manufacture this wine have utterly failed, and pumpkin vines now adorn the old grape arbors, once covered with abundant clusters of rich grapes.

The traditions of the Mexican nations uniformly assert that the mound-builders of our Western world were a people denominated Allaghuans, "who originally hunted south and west of the Mississippi River." It is supposed that in the eleventh century, before the overthrow of the Toltec, and the establishment of the Aztec empire in Mexico, "they removed northward and eastward, into the valley of the Ohio, where they subsisted about three hundred years."

Mr. S. once kept a hotel in Brunswick. His son was a little fast and somewhat impertinent to strangers. One day a venerable-looking man sat down by the fire in the bar-room, having on a white hat with a broad black band. "Are you in mourning?" inquired young S., with a sly look at his comrades, which did not escape the keen glance of the stranger. "I should be," instantly replied the old man, "if you were my son!"

We have no sympathy for General Walker's lawless forays into Nicaragua, nor for any other filibustering adventure. The nation which encourages them is degraded in the eyes of all who believe in a government regulated by law. We have a treaty of peace and amity with Nicaragua. Now, to violate that treaty because we have the power to do so, regardless of right, is to act with no better warrant than the pirate or the robber.—*Memphis Eagle*.

Gen. Wm. T. Haskell, the eloquent orator of Tennessee, has again fallen into his old weakness (drinking whiskey) and is again confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

A deaf mute, named Benjamin Rollins, between 50 and 60 years of age, was recently killed in Marion County, Alabama, while on his way to Bexar County, Texas. He had left the public road a short distance, and was discovered by a young man, whom he so frightened by his attempts to talk that he shot and killed him. Over \$1,300 in gold and silver were found upon his person.

One day last week, a gay, dashing fellow made his appearance at Auburn, paid the most serious attentions to the daughter of a citizen, proposed to marry her, was accepted, borrowed a valuable horse of her father to use in making some preliminary arrangements, drove off, and has not been seen since, though anxiously looked for. A clear breach of promise.

The *Yarmouth Herald* claims for Capt. John Patch, a native, and an aged resident of Yarmouth, N. S., the credit of inventing the screw propeller. In 1834, he proceeded to Washington for the purpose of obtaining a patent for his invention, but met with no encouragement, and returned without accomplishing his object.

The venerated widow of President Harrison, has been for a considerable time confined to her bed, at the residence of her son, J. Scott Harrison, near North Bend. Old age, rather than any particular disease, has asserted its influence upon a naturally robust organization. The venerable lady is now over eighty years of age.

A Cincinnati "local," the other day, sadly in want of an item, announced that three policemen had killed a muskrat on the levee, whereupon a German coteremporary translates: "Herr Amos Krat was yesterday fiendishly murdered by three scoundrelly policemen on the levee. The life of no citizen is safe."

Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, was skimmed over with ice, for the first time this winter, on the 9th inst. Canandaigua Lake was covered with ice four inches thick on the same day. The present cold term will doubtless furnish this city with an abundance of the Rockland article.

A bill is now before the New Jersey Legislature which provides for the suppression of the issue of one dollar notes after the first day of July next; of two dollar notes after the first of January next, and of all notes under the denomination of five dollars after July 1, 1859.

The first newspaper printed in America was published in Boston, under date of September 22, 1690. A copy of this paper is preserved in the Colonial State Paper Office, London. It is about the size of a sheet of letter paper, and one of the pages is blank.

A correspondent in Minouk, Woodford Co., Ill., writing to us says: "I saw in your paper that they were ploughing corn ground in New Bedford, Mass. Out here the ploughs were busily engaged ploughing stubble or wheat ground up to the 25th of January last."

Mr. Everett has sent to the Lecture Committee of the Mercantile Library Association for \$1,155 65, the nett proceeds of his Address on "The Character of Washington," delivered at the Academy of Music.

The oldest married couple alive are supposed to be a Mr. Snyder and his wife, who reside at Burnside, Pa. He is 111, and she is 107 years old, and they have been married about 93 years.

Hon. Edward Everett has been elected a Foreign Corresponding member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the Institute of France.

It has been estimated by the timber-getters of the South that a large pine, sufficient for the spars or beams of a first-class ship, requires from two to three hundred years to grow.

It is feared that the extraordinary mildness of the winter will injure the wheat crop of Canada by depriving the plants of their protecting coverlid of snow.

The ship *Witchcraft*, which arrived at Boston on the 5th instant, brings 7,000 boxes of Chinese fire-crackers for the use of Young America on Independence Day.

Next to that of umbrellas, the ownership of books is perhaps the least respected. Hence the philosophical though rude remark, that fools lend books, and wise men borrow them.

A western paper says, the only two classes of travellers on the railroads out there this winter are those who are running away, and those who are running after them.

Never use harsh words toward either friend or foe; for, as the Arabian proverb says, "Curses, like young chickens, come home to roost."

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* is the oldest paper in New York city, being now in its sixty-fifth year.

The number of postage stamps used during the year 1857, was 168,494,540, the value of which was \$4,649,975 25.

There is a bill before the Massachusetts Legislature providing for the abolition of all bills of a less denomination than 5¢.

Give your boys a trade, and learn them to depend upon their own resources, and they will make shrewd and smart men.

Gold is universally worshipped, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

He who stabs you with a pen would do the same with a penknife, were he as safe from detection and the law.

If you would know the worth of a dollar, go and borrow one. It is not generous to blame youth for the follies of young men. Work if you would prosper.

## NEW YORK TABLET.

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To any person remitting \$2 50 in advance, we will  
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 ence will be given. Address T. C. D., TABLET Office,  
 New York.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A JERSEY CITY SUBSCRIBER wishes to know "if any  
 further action has been taken in the Aldermanic Label  
 Suit against Mr. Killian?" None that we have heard  
 of. The Report of the Investigation Committee of  
 three confirmed all we said, and one of the parties  
 implicated has since resigned his seat in the Com-  
 mon Council. It is likely, therefore, that the suit  
 will be, or has already been, dropped.

We wrote our Fort Erie correspondent last week in  
 answer to his inquiries. If anything should turn up  
 we will let him know.

## NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1856.

## COMMODORE PAULDING IN NEW YORK.

COMMODORE HIRAM PAULDING, son of the  
 New York Militia-man of that name who  
 captured Andre at Tarrytown, and himself as  
 distinguished for his service to the country  
 by the capture of the filibuster Walker, is  
 now lying off the battery, under his broad  
 pennant, in the U. S. frigate *Wabash*. The  
 Commodore is one of the oldest and most  
 efficient officers of the Navy; and when we  
 add that he is most respected by those who  
 know him most, we have given him the very  
 best introduction to those who have never  
 had the pleasure of meeting him. If we  
 were disposed to write his biography we  
 could say on the testimony of others many  
 handsome things of his devotion to duty,  
 his habitual attention to those under his  
 command, and of his many amiable and social  
 qualities. But we have a different object  
 in this article—an object which refers to  
 one specific act of his, and aims at evoking  
 some recognition, however small, of his gal-  
 lant conduct in Central America.

A week has passed since the *Wabash* ar-  
 rived, and not one word of approbation has  
 been meted out to the Commodore. It would  
 seem as if there were none in this great city  
 public-spirited enough to applaud his course.  
 It would seem that the anti-filibuster articles  
 of the *Tribune* and *Times* were merely party  
 exhalations. It would seem—it does seem—  
 that we are so far gone in carelessness for na-  
 tional credit, or individual merit, that a cut-  
 throat and pirate can have a procession in his  
 honor, while the conscientious officer who  
 turns his ear neither to the whisperings of  
 expediency on the one side, nor the simula-  
 tions of a double-faced diplomacy on the  
 other, cannot receive even a complimentary  
 resolution. Blame who we will, the high-  
 minded citizens who are too negligent to

open their mouths, or the press which ne-  
 glects this opportunity of having filibuster-  
 ism branded by a municipal stamp, the fact is  
 patent that, for all public purposes, the  
 scamps of New York are more devoted to  
 their heroes, than the respectable, conserva-  
 tive citizens are to those who typify their  
 principles.

It is time to improve. Commodore Paul-  
 ding's course in Central America has drawn  
 upon his head the vituperation of the whole  
 "Manifest Destiny" press of the Union. So  
 wild has been the howl against him that the  
 Cabinet wavered for a moment before it.  
 Jefferson Davis, and others of his class of po-  
 liticians, have gone about berating him with  
 epithets which contain equal parts of false-  
 hood and brutality. In spite of all, in the  
 face of all, the good man, calm in the ap-  
 proval of his own conscience, stands to-day  
 as ready as ever to re-act, under similar cir-  
 cumstances, his Central American experience,  
 and to save one nation from pillage, while  
 rescuing another from disgrace. It is for  
 this constancy, as much as for his previous  
 conduct, that we honor him; and even if  
 our fellow-citizens suffer him to go away  
 without testifying to their appreciation of  
 his services, we hope some of our fellow-  
 emigrants will step forward to honor one  
 who hazarded the official guillotine sooner  
 than see a wrong, a deep, damning wrong,  
 perpetrated upon the defenceless.

Who will call a meeting to express the es-  
 timation in which the Commodore is held?  
 Who will take the initiative?

## THE TWO GOVERNMENTS.

In common with the great majority of the  
 American Press we have been laboring under  
 a gross mistake for some time in regard to  
 the Government of the United States. As  
 James Buchanan is said to occupy the White  
 House, and General Winfield Scott is re-  
 puted to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army,  
 we concluded that, with the assistance of the  
 National Congress, they represented the ex-  
 ecutive sovereignty of the nation. Herein  
 we are mistaken. It appears from the *Her-  
 ald* of the 20th that its editor is the authori-  
 tative exponent of the popular will, and that  
 James Gordon Bennett, journalist and tax-  
 payer, now residing at the corner of Ann  
 and Nassau streets, New York, is really its  
 only accredited spokesman.

In apologizing for our grave error, now  
 apparent enough, it is natural that we should  
 seek to excuse ourselves by showing that  
 "human testimony" is also at fault. We  
 have all seen how a British Minister was  
 expelled the country for doing what Mr.  
 Bennett considered lawful, recruiting; how  
 United States District Attorneys were put on  
 guard to prevent Mr. Bennett's "fifty thou-  
 sand auxiliaries for India" from embarking;  
 and, how a "hero" of Nicaragua was cap-  
 tured by a United States force at the same  
 time Mr. Bennett was supporting him by his  
 high sanction. These facts, attested as well as  
 facts may be, seemed to prove that there  
 was, in some portion of our territory, a cen-  
 tre and source of authority acting quite inde-  
 pendently of, and even in opposition to, His  
 Excellency of Nassau street, and we con-  
 cluded it was also, in the absence of better  
 proof, nothing else than the Government for  
 the time being.

We know better now. It is apparent  
 from the *Herald* of the 20th that the organi-  
 zation at Washington is a bogus affair—a mere  
 travesty on the real ruling power located  
 in Nassau street. How it is sustained in  
 antagonism to the latter, without its mem-  
 bers being indicted for treason, or marched  
 against by Mr. Bennett's "fifty thousand aux-  
 iliaries," is a mystery which nothing but that  
 gentleman's humanity can account for. But  
 that it is a humbug—that it has no right to  
 interfere in Mr. Bennett's diplomacy—that,  
 in so far as it assumes to be a political body,  
 it is at war with the will of the people—is  
 all "as plain as a pike staff."

The recent revolution in Mexico threatens  
 to force an issue between our real and sham  
 governments, which will end in bloody work  
 if the Washington hoax be continued. His

Excellency James Gordon is not to be foiled  
 this time. He insists on sending his histori-  
 cal "fifty thousand" immediately to Mexico  
 to reinstate Comofort in the halls of the  
 Montezumas. What if Zuolaga has been ac-  
 knowledged in Mexico by the Representative  
 of the sham at Washington? James Gordon is  
 not bound by the fact. He did not send For-  
 syth there. He does not pay his hotel and  
 brandy bills. In short, Mr. Forsyth's action  
 only adds another to the many grievances  
 which Mr. Bennett so unjustly suffers at the  
 hands of the Washington clique, and shows  
 conclusively that the sole course open to him  
 is a resort to arms, if he would prevent his  
 administration from being confounded abroad  
 with the illegal cabal of James Buchanan.

In such a contingency it is horrible to con-  
 template the havoc which must ensue. Bu-  
 chanan's whole force consists of ten thou-  
 sand men, three of which are engaged in  
 Utah and one in Florida, while all the re-  
 mainder available are scattered over an im-  
 mense extent of territory. Bennett's com-  
 mand, on the contrary, is fifty thousand  
 strong, and mainly concentrated in one  
 place, at the corner of Ann and Nassau  
 streets, from which they can sally in any di-  
 rection with impunity. Gloomy as this con-  
 trast is, it is heightened in portentousness  
 when we reflect that each member of His Ex-  
 cellency James Gordon's Army will be ad-  
 dicted to pillage, and have a slight regard for  
 reputation. Woe to the man or woman who  
 shall oppose their progress! Not a fig-leaf  
 of character will they spare; and what may  
 be preserved by stipulation will have to be  
 so dearly bought that every sufferer will be-  
 come penniless.

From this point of view we beg, we im-  
 plore, the sham Government at Washington  
 to vacate their usurped prerogatives. We  
 appeal to their humanity—for they are hu-  
 man like ourselves and detest civil warfare.  
 We appeal to their generosity—for they know  
 that not they alone, but the innocent, must suf-  
 fer if they persist. And, above all, and before  
 all, we exhort them in the name of Patriot-  
 ism—that ineffable presence which can alone  
 add a halo to position or cheer the solitude  
 of neglect—to refrain from drawing upon the  
 country a war which must necessarily be  
 conducted on the worst principles of human  
 nature, and turn every second citizen into a  
 parri, fratri, or matricide! If they still  
 continue, in spite of our entreaties, to disturb  
 and distract the Government of Mr. Bennett  
 and his "fifty thousand," the guilt be upon  
 their own heads. We warn them of the  
 consequences, and wash our hands of them.

## LORD LEITRIM IN A NEW CHARACTER.

## LANDLORDISM IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

OUR Irish News pages for this week con-  
 tain under the head "DONEGAL" an account  
 of one of those scenes which are peculiar to  
 Ireland in the nineteenth century. In no  
 other country, civilized or barbarian, could  
 it occur, and in no other would a life like  
 Lord Leitrim's escape from being sacrificed to  
 the natural resentment of the people. It  
 speaks well for Irish self-possession, Irish  
 fear of shedding blood illegally, Irish for-  
 bearingness under the most aggravating cir-  
 cumstances—that Leitrim with his "bngle and  
 his twelve bailiffs" ever returned with breath  
 in their bodies from the startled town of Mil-  
 ford. When it is considered that 7,000  
 persons, highly incensed, were surging round  
 and about him—that a petty constabulary  
 force was the only protection against breaches  
 of order—that the heartless evictor of a  
 thousand families, now wandering homeless  
 over the fields which brightened and bloomed  
 under their sturdy toil, invited, audaciously,  
 braggartly invited hostile hands to squeeze  
 the soul out of him—nothing short of abso-  
 lute admiration can be accorded to those  
 present at the Milford Meeting and partici-  
 pating in the sentiments it was so likely to  
 inspire.

It is common, even in America, to cast the  
 frequent assassinations of Irish Landlords in  
 the teeth of the Irish people. Nothing can  
 be more unjust. Our juries permit the vin-  
 dictator of his sister's honor, or the self-elected

punisher of his wife's paramour, to overstep  
 the letter of law, and public opinion coincides  
 with them so effectively as to shield both  
 from the consequences of their acts. If  
 we applaud our own criminals when they  
 give way to the passion of private revenge  
 for the sake of one person, can we consis-  
 tently blame whole communities for doing  
 the same for thousands? A sister's dishonor  
 is a stinging wound, a wife's infidelity a mad-  
 dening thought, but the workers of both are  
 holy souls when compared with him who  
 tumbles down the roof tree of three genera-  
 tions, and, after living on the dear-bought  
 fruits of others labors, for his lifetime, re-  
 compenses it by a wholesale eviction, with  
 all its prospective horrors of homelessness and  
 starvation. We do not justify murder under  
 any circumstances; but we see no just rea-  
 son why the American press should have one  
 set of principles, or pleas of expediency rather,  
 for the United States, and another for Ireland.  
 That Lord Leitrim lives to-day to forfeit his  
 authority by its abuse is "proof, strong as  
 holy writ," that the Irish people are greater  
 respecters of even bad laws than our own  
 citizens. If he had done in this State or  
 any other of the Union what he has done in  
 Donegal, his property, large as it is, would  
 be insufficient to purchase a Life Policy run-  
 ning for twelve hours.

All honor, then, to the people of Donegal!  
 May they overcome, in the end, the monster  
 of Landlordism, as they have already gained  
 the greatest of all victories—over themselves.

## THE PROPER OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

THE Legislature is asked to pass a law em-  
 powering the police to close "places of  
 amusement"—save and except Protestant  
 Churches—on Sunday, and all the "mora-  
 lity" of the State is at the back of the re-  
 quisition. It seems the verriest hardihood  
 for one journal to dissent from the general  
 clamor in favor of a "quiet Sunday," and  
 little less than indelicacy for a paper con-  
 ducted by a Catholic to interpose an objec-  
 tion; but if one voice can be heard in be-  
 half of giving the utmost limits consistent  
 with common decency and the public peace  
 to every class of persons on the Lord's day,  
 ours is at their service. There are some in-  
 stances where a man with the most anti-  
 State principles in regard to enforced mora-  
 lity holds his peace because even a bad prin-  
 ciple may be sometimes applied to public ad-  
 vantage; but where, as in the present case,  
 this bad principle strikes at the rational en-  
 joyment of a numerous population, which  
 has always made Sunday a day of amuse-  
 ment, it behoves every lover of proper liberty  
 to oppose it.

The proposed law for the better observa-  
 nce of the Sunday affects the Germans of  
 the State more than any other class of the  
 community. While the Irishman or the  
 Yankee takes to the drinking shop the Ger-  
 man goes to his Lager Bier Hall—that ear-  
 lier Walhalla—and sips the nectar beloved of  
 Odin between the bars of the Band, or the  
 saltations of the dancers. His place is,  
 clearly, one of "amusement," and one, also,  
 of harmless recreation. To close it up is to  
 destroy whatever is social in the arid desert  
 of his American life—to throw back his na-  
 tional impulses and peculiarities upon his  
 own family—and to condemn him to a  
 state of a being, which, however, natural to  
 a Puritan, is as incongruous to his mental or-  
 ganization as a Southern climate would be to  
 the physical organization of an Esquimaux.  
 What right have we to do this? None under  
 heaven. We cannot say that his amusement  
 is productive of riots. There is no people in  
 the country more peaceable than the Ger-  
 mans. We cannot say his enjoyment inter-  
 feres with that of others. His place of noisy  
 recreation is generally removed from the  
 vicinity of churches, and may be avoided by  
 the scrupulous. If, to satisfy our ideas of  
 Sunday keeping we sacrifice his, where shall  
 we stop? Concede the principle once and it  
 becomes a matter of numbers whether we  
 shall tolerate organs in churches, whistling  
 in the streets, or religious processions, accom-  
 panied by music.

To speak plain, this matter of Sunday observance is beyond and above the sphere of human law. It was lifted out of the category of civil actions some eighteen hundred years ago, and its essentially spiritual nature has kept it above them ever since. When it comes under the supervision of our legislators they will be duly advised. Meantime, while they allow opera airs in Christian churches, why should they exclude them from the Lager Bier Hall? While they allow the Shakers to dance, and the Negroes to "holer," why should they debar the Germans from using their better taste in both exercises merely because they have the modesty not to call lager-bier drinking and its concomitants, a "religion"? We know of no reason. Can somebody furnish us with one?

## REVIVALS IN NEW YORK.

ONE of those spasmodic efforts of the Protestant Churches to renew their hold on disgusted rebels from the ways of "the brethren" is in full blast in this city while we write. The Ministers, forgetting for a time the urgent claims of humanity to their attention, and even the necessity of sending the Gospel to foreign parts, are busily engaged revivifying the flickering religiosity of their own congregations. A perfect tornado of psalms pulses throughout the religious atmosphere; and, if we may rely upon the reports of Sectarian organs, a glorious prairie fire of piety is broad in our midst, relighting the darkened, warming the partially devout, and slackening in its genial glow whole thousands of notoriously "hard cases." "The faithful are in Elim" is the cry on all sides; and when we consider that Elim was distinguished for its cooling wells and shady palms, a right comfortable sojourn they must have in it.

If we write lightly on this subject it is not our desire to turn two of the most serious duties of life—prayer and penitence—into ridicule. There are hundreds engaged in those "Revivals" sincere in their attempts to give God glory, and their fellows a good example. There are men and women there, whose lives, taken all in all, might well put to shame members of our own communion. Many of them, heated with the zeal with which they are inspired, will pass through the various changes which time works upon religions of sentiment, and find repose at last in the sublime haven where feeling and dogma mutually interblend, and each finds its full fruition in the other. No, we have another purpose, and a more befitting one in view. We wish to draw a contrast between Protestant "Revivals" and Catholic "Missions" as means for elevating or preserving the moral tone of a country; and if we resort to badinage for a moment, we find a general apology for our frivolity in the state of discredit to which the former have fallen, in the eyes of the whole country, on account of their singular mixture of the serious and absurd.

The purpose of a "Mission" and a "Revival" is the same, but both have very different ways of arriving at it. The causes which operate to overcrowd our churches on ordinary occasions, when meeting-houses are nearly empty, keep up the disparity in the numbers of those who are affected by the former, and those influenced by the latter. In an equally divided population, for one Protestant recalled to a "sense of religion," it is no exaggeration to say that six Catholics are brought to the door of the confessional. This consideration alone is sufficient to show that, as a mere question of mathematics, one "Mission" does the work of six "Revivals." That it does it better is also palpable. The "Revival" consists partly of prayer; but as there is no set form, and as any one in the congregation has the privilege of praying when the spirit moves him, it is entirely extemporaneous. Some of the penitents occasionally indulge in a strain of self-condemnation, and accuse themselves in a general way of having committed sins without number. None of them, however, no matter how severe they may be in these denunciations, ever enter into particulars when making

this open confession of their sins and enormities. Favorable as this system is to recall prodigals, it is, in the same degree, incapable of guaranteeing their penitence, or recasting their lives. It involves no reparation on the one hand, or penance on the other. A nice comfortable way of recovering reputation with the outside world it certainly is; but just in proportion to the ease with which it may be complied with, should be our doubts of its efficacy. A "Mission," on the contrary, involves the confession of specific sins and thus predisposes the penitent to undergo the most humiliating process known to the worldly man. It not only lays down this confession as a predicate, but it follows it up with a stringent rule enforcing reparation, and a code of bodily penance. In so far, then, as the "Mission" and "Revival" may be compared, the former has all the advantages over the latter as a scheme for improving the moral tone of a community, and this is all we claim for it. It has higher meanings, indeed, which might be elucidated; but the level of comparison on which we have placed it precludes us from noticing them.

## HENRY C. CAREY'S LETTERS TO THE PRESIDENT.

In our efforts to make the TABLET range over a great variety of subjects, and cater to the average taste of our readers in all, we are often compelled to exclude papers of deep interest to the clergyman, and the student of politics in the highest sense. This is the more to be regretted as our subscribers, in many cases, play an important part in the movements of society, while contributing but little to the active thinking capital of the nation. If Catholics were more numerous and better supporters of their press than they now are; if the rising generation were more addicted to serious study and less to novel reading; if they delved as deep into the loam of thought as into the soil of this new country—nothing would please us more than to second their desire to cultivate their minds by the perusal of a class of reading in every way more to be prized than much of our current stock. As it is, we must shape our keel to the current; and, to secure a proper bearing for what is harmless, forego the pleasure of always introducing what is useful. These remarks apply to the admirable letters addressed by Henry C. Carey, the well-known Economist, to the President. In style and subject matter they are our beau ideal of essays on the art of government in its relation to the common prosperity; and yet our space and the various demands on it, forbid us to insert them. The following extract is no fair sample of the rest; but the high truths contained in its statistics are peculiarly suggestive to the politicians in our ranks who favor "Free Trade."

Turning homeward, we find abundant evidence in looking to the extension of domestic commerce as furnishing the only sure foundation for an extended intercourse with foreign countries, and as being, therefore, the sort of free trade that we really need. From the date of the passage of the act of 1816, by which the axe was laid to the root of our then rapidly-growing manufactures, the foreign trade steadily declined, until, in 1821, the value of our imports were less than half of what it had been six years before. Thenceforward there was little change, until the higher protective act of 1828 came fairly into operation—the average amount of our imports from 1822 to 1830 amounting to about eight millions—until the variations having been between ninety-six millions in one year and seventy in another. Under that tariff domestic commerce grew with great rapidity, enabling our people promptly to sell the labor, and then to become large customers to the people of other lands, as is shown by the following figures, representing the value of goods imported:

1830-31 ..... \$103,000,000

1831-32 ..... 101,000,000

1832-33 ..... 108,000,000

1833-35 ..... 126,000,000

Here is a steady and regular growth—the last of these years being by far the highest, and exceeding, by more than 50 per cent, the average of the eight years from 1822 to 1830. In this period, not only did we contract no foreign debt, but we paid off the whole of that which previously had existed—the legacy of the war of Independence.

The compromise tariff began now to exert its influence on the society movement—stopping the building of mills and the opening of mines, and thus lessening the power to maintain domestic commerce. How it operated on that with foreign nations, is shown in the facts that the imports of 1837 went up to \$189,000,000, and those of 1838 down to \$113,000,000—those of 1839 up to \$162,000,000, and those of 1840 down to \$107,000,000; while those of 1842 were less than they had been ten years before. In this period we ran in debt to foreigners to the extent of hundreds of millions, and closed with a bankruptcy so universal, as to have embraced indi-

viduals, banks, towns, cities, states and the national treasury itself.

That instability is the essential characteristic of the system called free trade—that we do not want—will be obvious on the most cursory examination of the facts presented by two periods of that system, through which we have thus far passed. From more than \$100,000,000, in 1817, our imports fell, in 1821, to \$62,000,000. In 1825 they rose to \$96,000,000, and then two years later, they were but \$79,000,000. From 1829 to 1834, they grew steadily and regularly, but no sooner had protection been abandoned, than instability, with its attendant speculation, reappeared—the imports of 1836 having been greater than those of 1834, and those of 1840 little more than half as great as those of 1836. Careful study of these facts can scarcely fail to satisfy you that the cause of all the difficulties is to be found in the action of the central government; and that it is in that direction and not to modification of the local action, we must look for remedy.

Once again, in 1841, protection was restored, and once again do we find a steady and regular growth in the power to maintain intercourse with the outer world, consequent upon the growth of domestic commerce, as is shown in the following figures:

1843-44 ..... \$103,000,000

1844-45 ..... 117,000,000

1845-46 ..... 121,000,000

1846-47 ..... 146,000,000

Here we find a constant increase of power to go to foreign markets, accompanied by a decrease in the necessity for resorting to them—the domestic production of cotton and woollen goods having doubled in this brief period, while the domestic production of iron had more than trebled.

Ten years having elapsed since the tariff of 1846 became fairly operative, we have now another opportunity for contrasting the operation of the free trade that we do not want, with the system which we so much require. Doing so, we find the same instability by which we characterized the periods which preceded the act of 1828, that of 1829, that of 1842, and on a larger scale. In 1849-50 our imports were \$179,000,000; in 1854 they were \$304,000,000; in 1855 \$260,000,000; in 1857 \$360,000,000; and now they are about to fall to \$180,000,000, if not even to a figure greatly lower.

That this must be so will be obvious to those who study the history of the past few years, and contrast the hundreds of millions of debt we have created—the making an annual demand for \$30,000,000 for the payment of interest—with the entire discredit into which we have justly fallen. That it must be so will be clear to those who look to the facts that, prior to the opening of the Crimean war, the price of flour had fallen to a lower point than had ever before been known; that since that period we have driven millions of men to the creation of farms, that are now about to deluge us with food; that the number of persons engaged in any department of manufacture is less now than it was five years since; that the power to purchase food is as steadily declining as the power to furnish it increases, and that, with favorable seasons, its future price must certainly be lower than has ever yet been known. That it must be so will be apparent to those who look to the facts, that the cotton crop, in 1849, exceeded 2,800,000 bales; that since that time the population of the cotton-growing States has been almost a third increased; that the new lands are now becoming productive; that the augmentation of the crop is likely to be as great as it was after the last bankruptcy, in 1841, when the average was suddenly forty per cent. increased; that the domestic market will now be 250,000 bales; that the foreign market will, therefore, be required to absorb at least a million of extra bales; that the farmers of Europe will find a reduction in their power to purchase clothing, consequent upon the reduction in the prices of our food; that the demand tends thus to decline as the supply tends to increase; and that all past experience goes to show that after each successive crisis, the permanent average of prices has fallen below that which has been fixed by its predecessors.

PROTESTANTISM IN ITS OWN COLLEGES.—We see it announced that the annual concert of prayer for colleges is to take place on Thursday next, and that day is to be regarded as one of special prayer. The annual report of the religious condition of colleges is said to be satisfactory. The statistics of forty-one colleges show an aggregate number of 9,540 students, and of these 3,082 are professors of religion.—Morning paper.

This is a hopeful class of young Christians, to be sure, which, in a body of 8,540, only furnishes 3,082 "professors of religion." It evidently needs to be prayed for. If its athletes were numbered, we have no doubt that they would roll up an immense majority of the whole. And these are the future teachers and lights of our fellow-citizens!

CATHOLIC LIBRARY SOCIETY, LOWELL, MASS.—The semi-annual election of officers for the Young Men's Catholic Library at Lowell, Mass., took place on the 9th, and resulted as follows: President, Jas. Faulkner; Vice-President, Thomas Farley; Secretary, Jas. McCaren; Clerk, Hugh Grann; Treasurer, Fergus McOsker; First Librarian, Jas. C. Doyle; Second Librarian, Edward O'Neil; Directors, James Loughran, Michael Pender, Hugh O'Neil, Matthew Mulvany, and Martin Bowers, Esqs.

The Irish Miscellany, issued in Boston by Jackson and Foyne, is the title of a neat weekly re-publication of the Dublin Penny Journal. It contains many good selections, several engravings, and a page of music in each number. We hope it will be sustained.

DECEPTIVE COMPARISONS.—The New York Times is again indulging its depraved taste over the criminal calendar of Foreignism. Mr. Superintendent Tallmadge furnishes it with the occasion; and we need not add that its jeremiads are of the most sorrowful sort.

Sweet patriot! perhaps we can console you in your tribulation. The Superintendent's figures are merely a multiplication of a comparatively small array of original numbers; and, in so far as they relate to foreigners, only prove, that in the petty vices of drunkenness and the like, the most tempted class of our foreign population exceed a similar body of native citizens, better to do in the world, and with a hundred more chances of being depraved in secret. This is the solution of the enigma which puzzles you. Let but our Superintendent of Police set down, opposite the titles of crimes, the statistics of the natives and foreigners addicted to them, and you will find, on a fair computation, that natives make up in the enormity of their slips for the more numerous moral boggles of aliens.

The first of a series of Lectures was delivered on Sunday evening last, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth street, by the Rev. Father Larkin. The subject selected by the reverend gentleman on the occasion was "Penance." The Lectures will be continued on every Sunday evening during Lent. Gentlemen only are admitted.

## "THE FAIRIES OF KNOCK TIerna."

They tell me that my blue eyed boy  
Is sleeping 'neath the churchyard mould,  
That foul decay creeps on his brow  
And worms steal thro' his locks of gold,  
That his pouting, murmuring lips  
Are festering in the churchyard dew;  
And I will never more behold  
My Lianur Gal! my Willie Ruadh!

There was a blush upon his cheek,  
A sweetness on his honied lips,  
There was a lustre in his eyes  
Death never, never could eclipse;  
And tho' I saw his body laid  
'Neath old Mahoonagh's ivied walls,  
I know he lives in beauty bright  
Within Knock Firrin's airy halls.

As tho' a rose had lost its breath,  
And still retained its summer bloom—  
As tho' the green leaves in the spring  
Were plucked to deck the dreary tomb—  
Like blooming flow'rs on winter's breast,  
So smiling in the arms of death  
He looked—so sweet I could not think  
That cold decay was hid beneath.

I'll hie me to Knock Firrin Green,  
And sit above his daisied brow;  
And when the harvest moon is set,  
And Fairies revel wild below,  
I'll sing a weird old Irish song—  
A song that fills my heart with gloom,  
And like the echoing sea-shell rings  
With rushing memories of my home.

Perchance some lucky strain may fall  
Upon his Fairy wildered ear,  
And wake the chords of memory  
That slumber in his haunted sphere;  
O could I break the magic voice  
That sings his soul to dreamy sleep,  
Far, far away with him I'd flee  
Irou high Knock Firrin's airy steep!

When crossing Knockedorra's heights  
On dreamy-golden harvest eves,  
When the winds are nosing in the vales  
And the moon shines thro' the yellow sheaves,  
Soft voices float up from below,  
Like the sound of distant streams,  
Or the silver songs of childhood  
Tripping thro' our manhood's dreams!

'Tis the Fairies from Knock Firrin high  
Floating down the moonlit dells,  
'Tis the Fairies from Knock Firrin Green,  
Wearing their wondrous magic spells;  
There is one song—one silver voice,  
Sweeter than harpings of the blest;  
'Tis Willie Ruadh's—the Cradle Song  
He lisped upon his mother's breast!

M. S.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.

\* A celebrated Fairy Rath in Limerick.

## DIED.

On the 18th inst., MARIA, youngest daughter of Henry C. and Maria Goodwin, aged 5 years.

## REVIEWS.

**THE BLACK BARONET.** By WILLIAM CARLETON. New York: Hawerty. Boston: P. Donahoe.

A friend, visiting Murillo's painting of the *Immaculate Conception* some days ago, experienced a feeling of disappointment in proportion to the overstrained expectation which the work of that great master awakened, but gradually relapsed again into admiration of its excellencies, and has been constant since in his visits to see it. We opened the *Black Baronet* with the same desire to appreciate its beauties evinced by our friend in the case of the *Murillo*; we have read it as attentively as he has studied the picture; we have been disappointed as greatly as he; and—here the parallel ends—we have not been disabused by any subsequent reflection.

The *Black Baronet* is superior to all Carleton's other novels in plot. The first three hundred pages constantly extort the reader's surprise at the ingenuity of the author's mind. Every chapter increases the web of intricacies. You feel that you are in the hands of a reckless literary conspirator, whose confidence in his own capacity to escape when he will from the inexplicable windings about him, is only equalled by your fear of his failure. And so you go on until you are furnished with the first thread of a series of explanations which take up the remaining hundred and fifty pages of the book, now become really tiresome for its extent, and the diminished interest of its characters. Unfortunately for the author, the change in your feelings is not the result of satisfied curiosity; it arises from the fact that all his personages fall into a state of lassitude as if each were already acquainted with the expected denouement, and, that the explanation is prolonged until each seems to lose his or her individual animation, and only stops on the stage to satisfy the requirements of the manager. Charge this defect to the exceeding length of the volume or the deep-laid plot which needs so much writing to explain it, the defect is not the less apparent, and condemning the *Black Baronet* as a work claiming high place in the realm of fiction.

Our second objection to it is a more serious one to Irish readers. Mr. Carleton in his well-meant desire to conciliate those who possess different religious views brings before us characters which are untruthful representatives of society in the North of Ireland. In this class we place Lucy, the heroine, and Father MacMahon, two of the most important and amiable personages in the volume. The former's high moral qualities and strict regard for parental authority, even in its excesses, cannot be explained on so-called common principles of religious duty. They are not found outside of the Catholic Church in real life, as Mr. Carleton well knows. They spring from a dogmatic education which no Protestant ladies in "high life" ever receive, and they are protected by the exhortations of the confessional, to which none except Catholics resort. We see the legitimate result of a different training in Sir Thomas's speculations; and even conceding to Lucy a most loveable remembrance of her mother—a reed-like pliancy in suffering, without the reed's complaint—we cannot reconcile her noble qualities with the absence from her tongue and heart of Mary's name—the patroness of purity—or of the sweet communion of the saints, and the nightly prayers to the guardian angel. This may be a fancy; but it is one which even Protestant novelists and romancists have not failed to appreciate in nearly all their female heroines. If Mr. Carleton overshoots nature in the instance of Lucy, he is scarcely just to nature and education in the case of Father MacMahon, whose idiosyncracies, however at home in the West, were not, and are not, the representative priestly features of the North of Ireland. Father Peter shows none of the personality which is forced on Northern clergymen by contact with phases of life essentially un-Irish, while he seems to be wanting in that learning which the different religious feelings of that part of Ireland have been so powerful in producing. A good, easy man he certainly is, a little odd, and given to slangwhanging his parishioners, but by no means a fair type of Northern priestly character and acquirements within the last fifty years. In that time, the parish priest in the North has had more to do than to make himself a beggar for the poor of his parish. He has been forced to live a public life in every sense, now combating a baneful social "ascendancy" among his neighbors, now lending his co-oper-

ation to national schemes of political amelioration, and again, struggling to save the farmers' franchise from the grasp of the greedy landlord. Take him how you will he is a public man; and with this character, if you give it to him at all, you must also give him determination of no common kind, energy as great in opposing tyranny as he exercises in favoring the poor, and all the sterner virtues. Let him cry when you will, let him laugh and be merry when you will, but to be a truthful, to be just, let him be also a man suited to the time, and awake to its necessities. Father Peter is not such a man; and in the name of a large number of the Northern priesthood we protest against representing them by one who would suit, and is to be found in quiet, undisturbed places all over the world, but who is also too unobtrusive in the right sense, too little "posted," too little on the alert, to be a "representative" parish priest in the North of Ireland. It may be said in mitigation of Mr. Carleton's choice, that to make Father Peter "amiable" it is necessary to sink his public life in his good works. The best answer to this is: make him *true* to his position *first*, and you will find no necessity to make him effeminate, to be pleasing, afterwards. We respect the quiet virtues. No more so. We respect the active ones which are still more heroic, also, and hence these remarks. It is proper to add that *our* ideal would answer the requirements of Mr. Carleton's story as well as his own, and a "great deal better too."

Another defect in the *Black Baronet* is the Guard House scene in Dublin, where a Catholic voteen is introduced in a light as unfavorable as a licentious Bible quoter and fanatic. No parallel can or ought to be instituted between two characters so essentially distinct and antagonistic. The voteen is generally "in the sere and yellow leaf," and a perfect antithesis to a "rake," as he is seldom to be found outside of his parish. To give him "the sensual Milesian mouth," as Mr. Carleton does, is pure benevolence, for he does not deserve it. We have seen dozens of his class and not one suspected of profligacy. Mr. Carleton will look in vain for a voteen's name in police offices or in connection with any social offence, except, perhaps, harmless scandal. Not so with your Bible quoter, as the Dublin dockets show. The "fanaticism" of the one is harmless and self-denying; that of the other is, to say the least, no protection against improprieties. It would have been in order for Mr. Carleton to parade any so-called Catholics as a "set off" to his Protestant debauchee—but not a voteen.

Still another defect in the *Black Baronet* is the introduction of a priest "who went mad on a principle of religious charity, and, being called in to baptize a child of a Protestant mother, seized a tub, and killed the child, exclaiming: 'I'm now sure of sending another soul to Heaven.'" Happily, there is and has been a hierarchy in Ireland which anticipates the vagaries of clerical madmen by finding substitutes for the "wandering," and even if there were not, it is absurd to suppose that a "Protestant mother" would call in a mad priest to baptize her infant. In any case, conceding that such a thing were possible, it is certainly no credit for Mr. Carleton to be the first to turn it into a novel. His obligations to the Irish priesthood are neither few nor remote, and he should from gratitude, if not from delicacy, abstain from drawing on his fancy to raise a laugh at their expense.

We have now offered some of the many objections which may be urged against the *Black Baronet*, and it is but fair that we would devote a few lines to its beauties. It contains scenes of great power. The language is in Carleton's best style. And, if a haziness lingers about some of the characters, it is in every instance for a purpose which the critical reader is always prepared to second when he essays a journey with such a novelist as Mr. Carleton.

MRS. STEPHENS' ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for March, '58.

This is, for the female readers of the *TABLET*, the best American Lady's Magazine to which they could subscribe. Its editor is a woman of fine taste and true delicacy—two necessities for those who would cater to the intellectual appetite of the "weaker sex."

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE for March.

A number greatly behind its predecessor, in original matter, poetry excepted. It contains, however, a mass of fiction and a fair complement of editorial matter.

## PLAGIARISM.

## (SECOND ARTICLE.)

There is a plagiarism in Goldsmith which was first pointed out by the "Athenaeum" newspaper. It relates to this couplet in the "Haunch of Venison":

"Such dainties to them their health it might hurt;  
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt."

The second line of which belongs to the following passage in "Tom Brown":

"If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something in his pocket."

But the most remarkable plagiarism in Goldsmith is his "Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blazie." That delightful poet tells us that during his pedestrian tour through France, he procured a subsistence by playing some of his most merry tunes on the German flute; and it is natural to suppose that the sprightly peasants whom he thus entertained, requited his skill by singing or reciting some of their popular songs. Among those most in vogue at that period was the "Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse," which is generally attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye. To such Englishmen as may still retain any feeling of soreness on the score of "Malbrough s'en va-t'en guerre," it may be some consolation to know that before the latter *facétie* was composed on the renowned English captain, the French had already indulged their sarcastic playfulness at the expense of one of their own great captains, the famous La Palisse, "Grand Marechal de France," the Marlborough of his age, and the friend and companion in arms of Francis the First. Some of the stanzas in "Monsieur La Palisse" are pointless enough; but there are others pregnant with humor, and it is these which Goldsmith has appropriated. To facilitate a comparison, we shall give a stanza from each, alternately:

"On ne le vit jamais las  
Ni s'écarter de la paraisse;  
Tandis qu'il ne dormait pas,  
On tient qu'il veillait sans cesse."

"At church in silks and satins new,  
With hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumbered in her pew,  
But when she shut her eyes."

"On dit que dans ses amours  
Il fut carosse des belles,  
Qui le suivirent toujours,  
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles."

"Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The king himself has follow'd her,  
When she has walk'd before."

"Il fut par un triste sort  
Ecluse d'un main cruelle;  
On croit, mais qu'il en est mort,  
Que la plaie était mortelle."

"But now her wealth and finery fled,  
Her haunches on her shrank all;  
The doctors found when she was dead,  
Her last disorder mortal."

"Il mourut le vendredi,  
Le dernier jour de son age;  
S'il fut mort le samedi,  
Il eut vécu davantage."

"Let me lament in sorrow sore,  
For Kent street well may say,  
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,  
She had not died to-day."

In Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," written in a similar strain of conceit, there is a stanza taken from "Monsieur La Palisse":

"Bien instruit des le berceau,  
Jamais tant il fut honnête,  
Il ne méritait son chapeau,  
Qu'il ne se couvrit la tête."

"A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes."

Then we have the epitaph on Edward Purdon:

"Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,  
Who long was a bookseller's hack;  
He led such a damnable life in this world,  
I don't think he'll wish to come back."

Which Goldsmith has copied from this of the Chevalier de Caillay:

"Il est au bout de ses travaux,  
Il a passé le Sieur Etienne;  
En ce monde il est tant de maux,  
Qu'on ne croit pas qu'il revienne."

Pope too has imitated this in the Epitaph:

"Well then, poor G— lies underground,  
So there's an end of honest Jack;  
So little justice here he found,  
'Tis ten to one he'll never come back."

To these may be added the well-known lines in the "Hermite":

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

It has been asserted that Goldsmith was indebted for his beautiful ballad of the "Hermite" to Percy's ballad of the "Friars of Orders Gray;" but the truth seems to be that Percy, not Goldsmith, was the borrower. Percy, while collecting his "Reliques," showed Goldsmith the manuscript of the old ballad of the "Gentle Herdsman," and from this Goldsmith took the hint of his "Hermite." Having finished his poem, Goldsmith, in his turn, read it to Percy, who took from it the plan of his "Friars of Orders Gray," adopting not only the style and incidents, but in many places the very words of Goldsmith's delightful little poem—all, in fact, but its inimitable simplicity and pathos. (See Boswell's "Life of Johnson.")

Dr. Young has a passage in which he describes man as

"Midway from nothing to the Deity."  
For this he is indebted to Pascal's remark:  
"Qu'est-ce que l'homme dans la nature? un néant à l'égard de l'infini; un tout à l'égard du néant; un milieu entre rien et tout."  
The following lines present another sample:

"Our birth is nothing but our death begun,  
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;  
Lamented, or lamenting, all one lot."  
The original of which Young found in this passage in one of Bishop Hall's "Epistles":

"Death borders upon our birth, and our oracles stand in the grave. We lament the loss of our parents; how soon shall our sons bewail us?"

J.-B. Rousseau has the principal thought in one of his "Odes":

"Le premier moment de la vie  
Est le premier pas vers la mort."

Then we have the lines:

"Voces cluster; rare are solitary woes;  
They love a train; they tread each other's heels,"  
Of which Young found the original in "Hamlet":

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow!"

or, as Herrick has it in his "Hesperides":

"Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave,"

Another appropriation in Young is the line:

"The course of Nature is the art of God,"

which is taken from Brown's "Religio Medici":

"In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God."

Thomson, in his "Castle of Indolence," has the line:

"As thick as idle notes in sunny ray,"

which has its parallel in Milton's "Il Penseroso":

"As thick and numberless  
As the gay notes that people the sunbeams."

And Milton has taken the simile from this of Chaucer:

"As thick as motes in the sunne beames."

There is a well-known epigram in Pope:

"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

Which Cowper has adopted, in nearly the same words, in his poem on "Conversation":

"Tis wit invites you by his looks to come;  
But when you knock, it never is at home."

The following sample is from the same poem:

"The solemn fop, significant and budge,  
A fool with judges, among fools a judge."

The sentiment, however, has so many parallels among the ancients, that it is uncertain from which of them Cowper has adopted it.

It occurs in Seneca in the following form:

"Sparum memini hominem, inter scholasticos insanum, inter sanos scholasticum."

Apuleius has it in the words:

"Inter doctos nobilissimos, inter nobiles doctissimos, inter utrosque optimus."

And St. Jerome, in his remarks on the Praetorian Prefect Dardanus, whom he describes as:

"Christianorum nobilissime, nobilium christianissime."

To which may be added this of Sir Walter Scott:

"It was in this sphere that Napoleon was seen to greatest advantage; for, although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers."—*Life of Napoleon*.

A noted instance of this antithesis is Dr. Johnson's sarcastic application of it to Lord Chesterfield:

"This man, I thought, had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords."

The oft-quoted line in Cowper's "Task,"

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,"

is taken from this passage in Churchill's "Farewell":

"Be England what she will,  
With all her faults, she is my country still."

In his "Table Talk" Cowper has the couplet:

"That constellation set, the world in vain  
Must hope to look upon their like again."

which is adopted from the following in "Hamlet":

"To was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."

From "Hamlet," too, Churchill has borrowed the second line in this couplet:

"And the poor slattern muse is brought to bed,  
With all her imperfections on her head."

Shakspeare's words are:

"No reckoning made, but sent to my account,  
With all my imperfections on my head."

Another remarkable thought in the "Task,"

"God made the country, and man made the town,"

is supposed to have been adopted from this line in Cowley's "Garden":

"God the first garden made, the first city Cain."

But the true source of it will be found in a passage in Varro's "De Re Rustica," where he says:

"Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros,  
ars humana redificavit urbes."

Lord Palmerston has intimated to Miss Hogg, the eldest daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd, that the Queen has been pleased, in consideration of her father's genius, to confer upon her a Civil List pension of £40 per year. A few years ago, Lord Aberdeen bestowed upon Mrs. Hogg, the poet's widow, a pension of £30, which she continues to enjoy. Lord Palmerston has likewise granted a pension on the Literary Civil List of £100 a year to the widow of Douglas Jerrold.

# LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

## ST. BRIDE OF KILDARE.

It was the year of grace 480. Three-and-twenty years had passed away since the death of Patrick, the great Apostle. Lugh, the son of Laogaire, was monarch of Ireland. The succession of saints was kept up without intermission, so that the fame of Ireland was great amongst the nations. Some years before there had arisen near the present Dundalk, in the county of Louth, a woman of superhuman endowments. Fair she was as mortal eye could wish to look on, and pure in mind and body as the spotless lily-flower. The odor of sanctity was around her wherever she moved, and miracles the most extraordinary daily, nay, hourly, attested the signal favor with which God regarded this wondrous virgin. Noble by birth and young in years she had yet kept her heart free from every taint of earth, and her person was, as it were, surrounded by a halo of glory that impressed every beholder. This young virgin, fair, and young, and noble, was Bridget, the greatest and most illustrious of the daughters of Ireland. Hardly had she reached the threshold of womanhood when she asked and received the veil from the hands of the good Bishop Macaille, a disciple of St. Patrick. Eight other young ladies of birth and station took the veil at the same time, anxious to become the humble imitators of Bridget. This was the beginning of the Bridgetine order which, during several succeeding ages, gave numberless saints to the Irish Church. The fame of the saintly virgin flew like wildfire over the entire island; deputations were sent from every part beseeching her to go to them and found religious institutions. Bridget was not slow in complying, for in this great work she recognized the flag of God, herself being the chosen instrument of His divine grace. She had been laboring in the remote parts of Connaught, teaching the ignorant and enlivening the slothful, founding monasteries and giving rules to her dear daughters in Christ, when all at once she was surprised by a deputation from Leinster, soliciting her permanent settlement in that province, of which she was a native. This circumstance was strongly urged by the noblemen who formed the deputation, and, though St. Bridget smilingly objected to that being advanced as a claim on her services, saying that the ties of birth, and country, and kindred were as nothing to the servant of God, she nevertheless consented to do what the people of Leinster desired, moved, doubtless, by the inspiration of God. Stipulating, however, that there was to be no public demonstration in honor of her coming, and that she should be allowed to travel quietly through the province till she found a site to please her, she soon after set out, with some of her sisters in religion, for her native province. They journeyed on foot, as was the usual practice of Bridget, stopping here and there along the route to exhort the people who flocked around. Hospitality and refreshment were freely offered wherever this holy sisterhood made their appearance, but nothing was accepted by them save the bare necessities of life, and those in scant measure. At length this company of white-robed virgins\* reached a forest of oak, which then covered the level table-land on which stands the present town of Kildare. There St. Bridget made up her mind to remain.

A temporary dwelling was for the holy virgins speedily put up by the people of the neighborhood, on the spot indicated by Bridget, close by a gnarled oak which appeared coral with the soil. Meanwhile a spacious abbey was commenced, with a church of suitable dimensions, but even after they were completed, St. Bridget was accustomed to give instructions to the crowd who flocked to her for counsel, seated in the shade of that venerable oak. The silence of the woods was around, unbroken by the presence of the people, for not a sound escaped their lips while Bridget descended with an inspired tongue on the wonders of divine grace and mercy, a theme more genial to her woman's heart than the terrors of divine justice. It was a beautiful picture: that noble young maiden in her ample robes of white, her beautiful features shaded by a snowy veil,

seated day by day on a rudely-fashioned seat under the spreading branches of that old tree which had been the object of Druid worship but a few years before; discoursing words of sweetest import to the crowd of silent, eager listeners composed of every age, and rank, and sex. While the bright warm summer lasted this was all the entertainment that the pious flock desired or needed, but when the cold winds of winter came with frost on their wings to freeze the life-current in the veins, Bridget, with the tender care of a good mother, gathered her beloved children into a house at the end of her chapel where she had a fire constantly burning, and where other bodily comforts were administered. She was poor herself, for she had given up all worldly possessions in giving herself to God; her community was depending on the charity of the people, and yet the holy Abbess never hesitated a moment when food was at her disposal, to share it freely with the poor and "the stranger who was within her gates."

This fire, whose first beginning was charity, was kept up as a matter of duty by the Bridgetines of Kildare for ages after the death of their holy foundress. The house wherein it was kept is still shown in Kildare, and is known by the name of the Fire-house. Whatever might have been the object of the sisterhood in keeping it burning, there can be little doubt that they did so, for though the circumstance rests in the first place on the sole authority of the Welshman Giraldus Cambrensis, whose *dictum* is by no means reliable in Irish matters, yet there are Irish writers of respectable standing who accept the account as true. This, then, is

"—the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane, And burned thro' long ages of darkness and storm."

This is the flame known to our father's as "St. Bridget's fire," and the "holy fane" wherein it was kept gave her distinctive title to the Saint who was called by the Norman Irish *St. Bride of Kildare*. That name was a word of mighty power all through the fierce contests following the English invasion, ever inspiring our faithful ancestors with high and holy heroism. Irish and English vied with each other in doing honor to the memory of the Virgin of Kildare. Her shrine at the right hand side of the altar of the abbey-church\* (which even in her own time became a cathedral) was adorned with gold and jewels, the gift of kings, and princes, and nobles, and ladies of high degree, who occasionally made pilgrimages thither. Nor was the fame of this Christian heroine confined to her native island; crossing the seas it made its way very early into the heart of England and Scotland; even in London there was a church dedicated to *St. Bride*, as also in several cities of continental Europe. In Cologne, on the Rhine, there is still a church dedicated to the Irish Virgin. As for Ireland, no one requires to be told how deep and how general is the veneration of the people for their chosen patroness, whose name is ever coupled with those of Patrick and Columbkille.

### ST. BRIDGET AND ST. NENNIDH.

The summer sun was declining towards the western horizon, and the rich green pastures of Kildare lay calm and tranquil around the humble wooden building which Bridget had erected near her beloved cell of the oak for the accommodation of her community. The famous oak, a tree of centuries, still stood in all its venerable and isolated grandeur, forming a picture of great beauty in itself as the slanting beams pierced its thick foliage, lighting up the quaint fantastic forms of knotted, and gnarled, and twisted branches, extending in all directions from the brown and massive trunk.

The plain was dotted here and there with sheep and kine, cropping with great apparent satisfaction the rich herbage which covered the earth like a carpet. The door, or rather the aperture of Bridget's cell, was illumined in part by the slanting sunbeam, and, in the shade near it, sat the great Abbess herself, the most powerful woman in Ireland, or perhaps in the world, the woman before whom kings and princes bowed down. She was tending her sheep. The white cloak which she habitually wore was thrown loosely over her shoulders, and her folded hands rested on her knees, while her soft, dove-like eyes were raised to the blue heaven above, and her coral lips were slightly parted as though about to speak. Her whole attitude was that of meditation, calm, and bright, and tranquil,

After a little, however, she started to her feet, and gathering her mantle around her, hastened with a light, elastic step to bring back certain stragglers of her flock whom she noticed ap. proaching a field of grain, evidently with felonious intent. Having turned the sheep in an opposite direction, she was proceeding with a slower step back to her favorite seat, when she perceived a young man in an ecclesiastical habit running at full speed and cutting various capers as he went. He was at some distance from the Saint, and it was plain he had not observed her.

"Nennidhe!" cried the holy Abbess, with a slight flush on her usually pale cheek, "Nennidhe! for shame!—where are you running so fast?"

The young man suddenly stopped, looked in the direction of the voice, and perceiving Bridget, blushed to his very temples. Confused and embarrassed he knew not what to say, but thinking it best to make a joke if possible of the whole affair, he answered:

"Holy mother, I was running to the kingdom of heaven!"

"Well for you," replied Bridget, taking, or seeming to take, his words seriously, "well for you, Nennidhe, I wish I was worthy to run that race with you this day. Pray for me, good youth, that I may arrive there with you!"

Now Nennidhe had never been remarkable for piety up to this, but was, on the contrary, as his gambols on that occasion denoted, of a rather light and volatile spirit. All at once, however, the light of divine grace penetrated his heart; it seemed as though the voice of the humble servant of God had acted on his worldly heart, like the rod of Moses on Mount Horeb, drawing forth the deep well-springs of compunction and holy charity, and falling on his knees before Bridget, the tears gushed from his eyes as he exclaimed:

"Worthless wretch that I am, my prayers could avail you nothing! Pray you for me, O beloved of the Lord! that I may save my miserable soul!"

"I have prayed for you," said the Saint gently, her eyes still raised to heaven, "and our God has been pleased to hear the prayer of his poor servant. You shall, henceforth, serve the Lord, Nennidhe, and run with great eagerness after the things of eternity. Arise now and go your ways to your monastery. After some years you shall preach Christ amongst the Britons, but it is the will of God that you return hither to lay your bones in our native earth. Be mindful of me in your prayers, good brother, for it is you who are to give me the Bread of Life for my last journey. God be with you till we meet again!"

She then walked away, leaving the student an altered man. Tears were streaming from his eyes, and sighs rending his chastened heart as he slowly returned to the monastery where he related his providential encounter with the Saint, and called upon all his brethren to sing with him a canticle of joy and thanksgiving for the wonderful goodness of God in his regard.

Not many years had passed away when the name of that light-hearted student was added to the long calendar of Ireland's saints.

—In our next, DEATH OF DERMOT MACMURROGH, A. D. 1171; THE SCHOOLS OF LISMORE.

### HOW THE POOR ARE SWINDLED—A SWINDLING OPERATION NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Seasons of dearth and of non-employment are usually selected by cheats and swindlers in general as the most appropriate time for practising upon and turning to account the vicissitudes of the thousands of needy persons in want of employment. Those swindling operations are generally sought to be carried out through the instrumentality of advertisements, carefully worded, in the columns of some daily paper of extensive patronage, wherein those harpies undertake to procure, for a trifling recompense, employment, or a share in business, for persons in the enjoyment of limited capital. By this means quite a number of poor persons find themselves deluded, after paying the "recompense," while it is unnecessary to remark, that the advertiser possesses neither the will nor the ability to fulfill his promises. A case, similar to what we have been describing, came to light in Philadelphia lately, the details of which we will lay before our readers, with the assurance that transactions similar to those detailed are of frequent occurrence in all the Atlantic cities, but more especially in New York.

In Thursday's *Dispatch* there appeared an advertisement to the effect that a young man, possessed of a capital of from one to two hun-

dred dollars, could obtain a situation at nine or ten dollars a week by making application at 94 Third street. The advertisement struck several persons as being very singular, and Mayor Sewall began immediately to investigate the matter. He learned that one young man had applied for the situation and advanced to his employer twenty dollars, without knowing exactly what it was for. He was told to call again and all would be right. Persons to whom he had mentioned the circumstance, ridiculed him, asserting that he had been "taken in." He afterwards demanded the money, threatening to prosecute in case of refusal, and the amount was refunded. Another young man was about advancing one hundred dollars, in view of obtaining a good situation, but he was suspicious, and very luckily put it off. While an applicant was in the office, talking to the business man, a second party would enter, and in presence of the applicant, count out a sum of money, and pay it over in a very business like manner. These facts becoming known the Mayor had the men arrested, who gave their names as J. J. Reynolds and Henry Wilson. They said they were from Boston; that they intended to open a pawnbroker's office in this city, and that they wanted a young man to attend to it. They were keen, shrewd men, and seemed indignant at their arrest. They refused to give references as to character, and there being nothing criminal against them, they were discharged. They threw a couple of letters in the stove, after their arrest. The best evidence of their character may be found in the fact, that they offered Officer Patterson, who was sent to search their trunks at the Mansion House, twenty-five dollars, if he would make a favorable report to the Mayor. A large number of letters, mainly applications for situations, were found in their trunks, which indicate that they have opened similar offices in other cities. By Saturday night, they might have succeeded in fleecing applicants out of several hundred dollars, and on Monday morning, they would have been *non est inventus*. They had received some twenty-five applications through the post office, for the situation, and by bargaining with them, one at a time, they would no doubt have raised a handsome sum in the way of "temporary loans." Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Mayor, whose vigilance and promptness has saved quite a number of our citizens from being duped.

THE "FATE OF KATHLEEN."—We find the following in Mrs. Wellington Boate's "Recollections of Ireland."

"Kathleen Dhu was the pride of a pretty village, in the county Antrim. Part of my childhood was spent in that beautiful and classic county. Kathleen often guided me over the dangerous rocks around Fair-Head, and through the verdant glen of Murluck, which borders Tor-Point. On one summer's morning, Kathleen came to invite me to her wedding, which she stated was to take place on the following Sunday, in the village church. That Sunday came, and a brighter summer morn never beamed. I was up with the lark, and my heart beat quick as I prepared for my journey. Breathless I reached the abode of Kathleen; but, lo! no sound of joy was there. On the cottage-floor lay a coffin, and in the corner of the apartment, on a bedstead draped with white sheets, and festooned with snowy ribbons, and garlands of wild flowers, lay the poor Kathleen Dhu, cold, motionless, dead! A lace border, with a wreath of white daisies, encircled the pale forehead and cheeks, and was fastened under the chin with a pink gauze knot. The eyes were closed, but a sweet smile played upon the features, giving the expression of an inward looking-up. She seemed like a sleeping sylph, whose dreaming spirit was wandering in a brighter land. Poor Kathleen's tale of woe ran thus: Cornuck, to whom she had been affianced, and was to have been married on that day, had proved false to her. At the solicitation of his mother, he had deserted her, and consented to wed Nannie, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer. The news reached Kathleen: she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, 'Oh! God, my heart will burst.' Shortly after, she leant down on her mother's bed, and fell asleep, but she never awoke. What bright dream haunted that last deep sleep no mortal can know; but the sweet smile that played upon her placid face seemed to say that a hovering angel had borne her spirit to a realm of bliss. I followed the funeral procession in the distance. As it neared the church gate by one road, Cornuck and his bridal party approached slowly by another road. The friends of Kathleen slackened their pace, and consequently the two parties met in the portal. In a few days after, I went to plant some wild primroses on the grave of poor Kathleen, and a peasant informed me that the intended bride had been carried home in a swoon, and that the faithless Cornuck had fled to America."

"GREAT ORIGINAL STORY."—A dark frown overpread the handsome and courtly features of Fernando the Rover. "Why, why," he asked, brandishing his silver handled sword furiously around, "will not believe me, my beautiful Maria de Argyle! By this good sword I swear I love thee—truly, wildly, passionately love thee! Then why stand so coldly from this bosom which is bursting for thee?" The beautiful girl essayed to speak but could not. "Ha," exclaimed Fernando the Rover, and a sardonic smile lit up his face, "thou lovest another!" "No," she tremblingly yet with dignity replied. "Then why not come to this bosom!" wildly repeated the Rover. "Because, sir," she replied, drawing herself up to her full height, "I'M AFRAID YER A BLOWING!"

\* The costume of the Bridgetine order consisted of a white robe, mantle, and veil. See Moore, *MacGeoghegan*, &c., &c.

\* The best and most reliable Irish historians reject as wholly absurd and unfounded, the story of the translation of St. Bridget's remains to the tomb of St. Patrick in Downpatrick.

## OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Addresses of the French Army and their effect in England.—What the People and Army think of England.—Down go the Funds.—The Refugee Question.—How England uses the Refugees.—Bill to prevent Conspiracies against Foreign Princes.—Opening of Parliament.—The Marriage.—Palmerston and the Anti-Church-rate Men.—India.—Critical state of affairs.—Sir Colin Campbell not a Campbell.—Lord Canning's defence.—Death of the Queen of Oude.—Literary prisoners.—The Weaver.—The Bank.—Reception.—The Drama in Dublin.—The Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan.—"Row" in Belfast.*

LONDON, Jan. 29th, 1858.

The fierce threats against England contained in the addresses of several French regiments of the line, to Napoleon III., on the occasion of his miraculous escape on the 14th January, have frightened the English people into a momentary forgetfulness of the critical state of affairs in India. They are loud in their professions of friendship and love for their Gallic ally, but there is far more of fear than affection in their attachment. What a change, when "haughty" England trembles at the rough accents of a soldier's voice, and the funds go down when a mere threat is made. This anxiety, nevertheless, is not groundless; however rulers and diplomats may feign friendship for England, from interested motives, there lies still in the hearts of the French people and of the army, an inextinguishable hatred of England. In their eyes Albion is still another name for perfidy. One division of the army in its address to the Emperor, said that "the cowardly and odious attempt filled their hearts with indignation and rage against those who, by giving an asylum to these sanguinary anarchists, have made themselves their accomplices." No wonder the funds went down.

The question of the expulsion of certain political refugees is much debated. However England may be inclined to humble herself for the purpose of preserving her great ally on the other side of the Channel, she cannot very well expel men against whom no offence is proved—particularly when it is her interest to keep them. As to the rights of hospitality and all that sort of thing, if they interfered with John Bull's pocket, his conscience would not prevent him from violating them. But those political refugees are allowed to stay in England as a check on certain continental nations in case a coalition should be formed against England. She points to this bugbear of revolution, and says: "If you interfere with me I will let slip my revolutionary dogs." Meanwhile it will be necessary, in deference to the French Emperor, to adopt some measures, having for their ostensible object the prevention of organizing plots, on English ground, against foreign princes. It is stated that a bill to that effect will be introduced into Parliament early in the coming session, which will open on the 4th proximo. The Premier has issued a circular to his myrmidons requesting their early attendance in the House as questions of great importance will be brought before Parliament.

The marriage festivities are drawing to a close, and many of the distinguished persons who came to assist at it have already departed. Addresses of congratulation have poured in from all sides. The Common Council, determined not to do things by halves, have resolved to draw up addresses to everybody concerned, from the bride to her grandmother. It is said that some baronets and knights will be manufactured, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are pointed out as the favored recipients.

A deputation of anti-church-rate men waited on Lord Palmerston during the week, and are by no means enchanted with their reception. The Premier gave them very little satisfaction, and stated that he could not pledge himself as to the introduction of any bill on the subject this session. The deputation went away as it had come, and subsequently passed a vote of censure on the Government.

Things look gloomy in India. The vertebral column of the revolt, which has been so often fractured, has a marvellous faculty of knitting together again. The insurgents are in vast numbers in Oude, and Sir C. Campbell, for want of men, is forced to renounce, for the present, the conquest of that kingdom. Sir James Outram is hemmed in at Alumbagh and in daily fear of being attacked. Hanging and shooting go on as usual among the English civilizers. The news of this state of affairs has sadly changed the opinions of our professional brethren here, who, a month ago, looked upon what they delighted to call a *mutiny* as effectually put down. They now think that the campaign may bring us into another year, and I am decidedly of their opinion. We have no further details of Sir C. Campbell's "great victory" over the Gwalior Contingent, but Windham's defeat and the disgraceful flight of his troops are fixed facts. It is announced that

application has been made by the Government to his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, for two more clergymen to be sent out as chaplains to the army in India. The Government must certainly have no small amount of "brass" to apply for Catholic Chaplains, considering that the amount it allows them is not sufficient for their maintenance.

By the by, it seems that the name of Campbell, which alliterates so nicely with Colin, is not the appellation of the Indian Commander-in-Chief. He became a Campbell for family reasons; his real name is the unpoetical one of McLiver.

It is reported that Lord Canning has sent to the Government a justification of his conduct in the Indian insurrection. His Lordship defends, therein, his policy of "mawkish mercy" which gave so many blatant "speechifiers" the opportunity of letting out their terrible vocabularies.

Another victim of British bad faith has just died, and her remains are laid in foreign soil. The Queen of Oude died of a broken heart, in Paris. Sick and disheartened, she left the land whither she had come to ask for justice, and where all ears were deaf to her appeals.

A pension of £100 per annum has been given to the widow of the late Douglas Jerrold. Miss Hogg, the daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd, is also to be the recipient of Government bounty to the amount of £30 a year.

We have had Siberian weather for some days past. Skating has been the order of the day, and the Humane Society has had as much as it could do to rescue skaters who fell through the ice before it had become sufficiently thick to admit of skating without danger.

The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 4 per cent.

A young lady from Galway, of the name of Madden, took the veil on Sunday last at the Convent of St. Mary of the Angels, Holloway. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Manning and the interesting ceremony was witnessed by a large number of respectable persons.

Dublin has also had its *Te Deum* and thanksgiving for the escape of the French Emperor. It was celebrated on Sunday in Marlborough street Cathedral, in the presence of the Consul-General of France, the Vice Consul, the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress and a number of the French residents in Dublin and its vicinity. The ceremonies were presided by his Grace, Archbishop Cullen, attended by a number of distinguished ecclesiastics. At the conclusion of the High Mass, the Archbishop delivered an eloquent discourse in which he pronounced a glowing panegyric on Napoleon III., whom he designated as the restorer of Pius IX. to the Papal throne, the suppressor of infidel education, and thanked the wisdom of his measures for having burst the bonds which had so long bound the Church of God.

In the case of the Rev. Mr. Conway the venue has been changed, and the trial will take place in Dublin. Mr. Justice Perrin was of opinion that the case should be tried in Mayo, but Crampton and the Lord Chief Justice concluded that the Attorney-General's motion should be granted. On Monday, the case of the Rev. Mr. Ryan was brought on, and the Attorney General announced that there was a motion in that case in the same terms as that disposed of in the case of the Rev. Mr. Conway. Mr. O'Hagan concluded not to resist the motion.

The celebration of the Princess' marriage was the occasion of a "row" in Belfast which, however, has had no serious consequences.

W.

## OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

*Congratulatory Addresses.—The Army.—The Victims.—Lord Cowley's Ball.—The English Meeting.—Arrest.—The Trial.—Biographical Sketch of Orsini.—Belgium.—The "Thunderer" eats his words.—The ESTABETTES.—The Attempt at Ancona.—A Sardinian Journal seized.—Portugal.—Navy orders.—Prussia note and then—according to the English Press.—Death of the Queen of Oude.—A Calcutta Commercial Circular.*

PARIS, 28th Jan., 1858.

Napoleon III. may well consider himself the key-stone of the "arch of peace" which spans Europe at present, when he sees the heap of congratulatory addresses from potentates of all descriptions, which are daily laid at his Imperial feet. Alexander of Russia, whose father would not at first deign to recognize the *parvenu*, when he heard of the attempt of the 14th, took up his Imperial pen and indited a letter congratulating the French Emperor on his escape. The Czar thereupon charged the Prince of Warsaw to bear the epistle to the representative of the Bonapartes in his good city of Paris. Young Francis Joseph would not be outdone by his Russian cousin, and the Prince de Lichtenstein is the bearer of his Austrian Majesty's missive. The King of Hanover, the King of Denmark, the King of Belgium (I believe I should say *ex-King*, for he lately abdicated in favor of the mob), their Majesties of Saxony and the Netherlands, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Elector of Hesse, and a great many others too numerous to mention, have also expressed the delight they feel at his French Majesty's escape. Among the congratulators—if I may so express myself—are the Swiss Republic and the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen.

Besides these foreign tributes, addresses continue to pour in from all classes of the population at home. The *Moniteur* is full of them.

The publishers have been obliged on one occasion to double the size of the sheet. These addresses breathe the most unbounded loyalty and attachment to the Emperor. The army, however, were not satisfied with mere declarations of loyalty and thanksgiving for the escape Europe is said to have had in the person of his Majesty; true to their trade, they put some "fire" into their addresses, were inflated with indignation against the conspirators, and those who became their accomplices by giving them an asylum. Some expressed their ardent desire to go and seek the lions in their den. One skin-skinned neighbors *d'entre manche* suffer from a violent cutaneous irritation in consequence of those addresses, which seem to have acted on them like moral mustard-plasters. We know that, at present, the epidemics of our Anglo-Saxon ally is far from being in a healthy condition. The army also pledges itself to sustain the Napoleonic dynasty in the person of the Prince Imperial, should anything happen to the Emperor. I have naturally little faith in soldiers' promises, and French History is not calculated to strengthen it. A striking lesson on military fidelity is conveyed in Paul Delacroix's magnificent painting of Marie Antoinette after her condemnation. Among the soldiers who escorts her, is one who formerly belonged to the Royal Guards. The great painter's idea is as striking as true.

The Emperor has ordered an inquiry to be made into the situation of the victims of the affair of the 14th and that of their families. It is said that a bill will be presented to the Corps Legislatif, to grant pensions to such as need them. The most needy have already received aid from his Majesty. The Emperor and Empress visited some of the victims at the Hospital du Val de Grace, and gave crosses, medals, promotions, &c. Their Majesties were present at the ball given by the British Ambassador in honor of the Prince Royal's marriage, and did not leave until two o'clock in the morning—rather a bad example to give their subjects. The Princess Mathilde and Prince Napoleon, the ministers, marshals, diplomats, and foreign and French military officers of distinction, were also Lord Cowley's guests, on the occasion. The Emperor won the hearts of all the old Anglo-Saxon "dowagers" by drinking the Princess Royal's health during the supper. With all their commercial acuteness, the English are the most "gullible" people in the world; a little flattery goes a great way with them. The French know this and enjoy it amazingly.

The English sojourners here assembled the other day at the Hotel Menrice for the purpose of drawing up a congratulatory address to the Emperor. Above three hundred Anglo-Saxons were assembled on the occasion. The Marquis of Hertford was to have presided but was prevented by illness. His Grace, however, wrote a letter approving the object of the meeting. My opinion is, that the Marquis knowing how ridiculous the English in Paris make themselves when they attempt to do anything in concert, determined not to add to the effect by his noble presence. The Earls of Pembroke and Gainsborough and Admiral Boyle also "bolted." Nothing better than a Scotch peer could be got to preside, so Lord Gray took the chair. Sir H. Hoare proposed the first resolution, and made a speech denouncing the authors of the attempt. The meeting was wound up by the address being voted.

A young man has been arrested at Laon for saying, when he heard of the attempted assassination of the Emperor, that he would give ten francs if Napoleon III. had been despatched. These expressions having reached the ears of the law, the young man was arrested. The person, whose name is Dain, belongs to the army and has the grade of sergeant. He was with his family on renewable furlough. His expressions derive their only importance from the fact of his belonging to the army.

Nothing certain is yet known with regard to the time fixed for the trial of Orsini and his accomplices. It was reported that the four prisoners would be before the Court of Assizes about the second week of February. It was also rumored that in consequence of revelations made by certain of the accused that rogatory commissions had been sent to Florence, Naples and other cities.

Some reliable particulars of the life of Orsini will not, I dare say, be unacceptable to your readers. They are taken from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for last March, and are contained in a review of Orsini's pamphlet describing his escape from Mantua. Felice Orsini was born in Romagna in 1819. He was accustomed from his infancy to hear from the lips of his father the fiercest denunciations of the papal Government. Profiting by this excellent institution he joined the secret societies at the age of twenty-two; his father, who set him the example, was condemned to the galleys for life. But this made the son no wiser, and, in 1844, he was arrested and imprisoned. He passed some time in the prison of Civita Castellana, and was about to be sent to Civita Vecchia when he was set at liberty by the amnesty granted by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. But Orsini was incorrigible and soon began his old tricks. He had to be expelled from Florence and the Grand Duke was obliged to have him conducted, chained, to the frontiers of the Roman States. In the Mazzinian revolution, he took part in the insurrectionary movements in the Abruzzi. After the fall of the duchy of Modena, plotting, arrested and re-arrested, but always escaping. He served at the defence of Venice, under Ullio. He is next to be found in London, admitted into the intimacy of Mazzini, with whom he is said to have

subsequently quarrelled. In March, 1854, he went to Switzerland under the name of Tito Coli, but the movement he was organizing having failed, he set out for Milan, with further instructions from Mazzini. He passed through Lombardy, Vienna, Venice, Trieste, Hermannstadt, in the very heart of Transylvania, and was arrested in the latter city, after having long deceived the Austrian police. Thence he was sent to Vienna, and from that capital to Mantua. He effected his escape from the Citadel of the latter city by means of a rope which he tied to the bars of his cell-window. When he reached the end of the rope, he found it was much too short, but in no wise daunted, he let himself fall to the ground and hurt one of his legs very severely, which, however, did not prevent him from making his escape. He is next found in London as a public lecturer. He was publishing his political memoirs at the same time that he was plotting the assassination of the Emperor.

The *Moniteur* announces that the Belgian Government has laid before the Chamber of Representatives a bill with regard to foreigners residing in Belgium. The government intends prosecuting two newspapers published in Brussels: the *Dracopie* and the *Crocodile*. The latter is the *Charivari* or *Punch* of our Belgian neighbors. It was never remarkable for a plethora of wit. A writer in the *London Times* lately published a letter reflecting on the courage of the great Belgian army. Several Belgian Generals having taken the matter up and expressed their intention of seeking personal satisfaction, the valorous Anglo-Saxon publicist, the writer in the "*Thunderer*," swallows his words at one gulp and recognizes the falsity of the statements he had made. So Belgian honor is satisfied and Belgian valor vindicated. *Ainsi soit il!*

The editor and proprietor of the *Estafette* have been sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs each for an outrage to religion and public morals, in publishing, with approbatory remarks, a miserable and indecent production of the muse of the Belgian "Liberals," entitled: *The Song of the Belgian electors*. I have already, in one of my previous letters, spoken of this exquisite specimen of the Belgian Parnassus.

We have no reliable details with regard to the insurrectionary attempt at Ancona. The *Gazzetta del Popolo* states the rumors with regard to it. Two hundred Mazzinians, who set out from Malta (others say from the Turin Coast), were the authors of the attempt. A number of them were killed and the rest arrested by the Austrian garrison in Ancona.

A Piedmontese Journal, the *Ragione* has been seized by the Government for a correspondence it published relative to the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon.

The Portuguese Chamber of Deputies has lately distinguished itself in the peculiar style of your American Congress. After a debate on magisterial corruption, one of the ministerial deputies, Senor Santa-Anna de Vasconcelos, struck Senor Rebello da Silva, as he was passing through one of the doors. The latter gentleman is an eloquent speaker, and although lately on the side of the Ministry, now belongs to the opposition. A duel was expected, but the Chamber used every means to prevent a hostile meeting between the parties. The incident is unfavorable to the Ministers, and rumor speaks of resignation or at least modification.

The Parisian correspondent of the *Independence Belge* states that an order has been issued by the Minister of the Navy, to all French cruisers to prevent more strictly than ever the searching of our merchant vessels by English men-of-war.

The most interesting fact connected with the Princess Royal's wedding—to us Parisians, at least—is that of the English people and press who so terribly abused Prussia during the Eastern war, having now discovered that that country is England's natural ally, that these two peoples are very similar, having the same institutions and the same religion. We might be surprised if we had not compared the *Times* after the *Coup d'etat* and the *Times* of to-day.

The Dowager Queen of Oude was buried yesterday in the Turkish Cemetery at Pere Lachaise. The hapless sovereign was 53 years old at the time of her death. There was much sympathy with her here. English injustice and London fogs killed her.

A commercial circular printed at Calcutta, and dated 24th December, 1857, has been received by a highly respectable Parisian Merchant from Mr. J. A. Quillet, a merchant in Calcutta and contains the following:

"The official news published by the government with regard to the insurrection would be calculated to reassure the public mind, if private letters from the interior did not throw a doubt on the authenticity of the continual reports of great exploits and victories published in our journals and which are in fact mere skirmishes, while the reverses of the English are passed over in silence. Again the audacity of the insurgents increases; not satisfied with giving their prisoners a soldier's death, they hang them to annoy and humiliate the English. Such was the case a fortnight ago after the shameful and precipitate retreat of Gen. Windham. The enemy followed him to the entrance of the fortifications of Cawnpore, where the English took refuge in great haste and confusion, and hung several officers they had taken prisoners, in sight of their countrymen. \* \* \* The characteristic feature of this war is the cruelty of the insurgents and the no less cruel vengeance of the English, for no mercy is shown either on one side or the other."

## ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA-NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The unnatural alliance hitherto existing between England and France is at an end. The combustibles which exploded under the feet of Napoleon's carriage-horses in the Rue Lepelletier on the evening of the 14th of January, 1858, scattered its remaining fragments to the wind. It needed but little to bring this about and that little has not been denied. The French army has become rampant, and wishes to be led against England. Nor is the desire for winning laurels and washing out the stain of Waterloo confined to the soldiery alone; it has seized on some of the most leading and eminent personages in France—not excepting the Count de Morny, the Emperor's brother. The cause of contention is the English refugee question. It is the argument on which those Gallic warriors seem impatient to whet their trusty blades. The British parliament met on the 4th inst., and on the following day an animated debate took place between Mr. Roebuck and Lord Palmerston, in the course of which the former, after considerable animadversion on the policy and past career of Louis Napoleon, put the following question to the First Minister of the Crown:

"The question I have to put to the noble lord is—has there been any correspondence with the court of France, or the Minister of France on the subject of an Allen Bill, or upon the subject of any alteration of our criminal code?"

Palmerston answered the question almost as directly as it was put, and said:

"I can have no difficulty in answering the question of the honorable and learned gentleman. There has been a despatch addressed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to M. Persigny, the French Ambassador here, bearing upon the late transactions at Paris, and urging upon him the necessity of applying to her Majesty's Government to take such measures as they in their wisdom might think fit in reference to the circumstance; not to dictate any measures, but simply to put the case to her Majesty's Government to deal with as they might think proper. That is the nature of the despatch, and I can have no difficulty whatever in laying it before parliament."

This announcement, coupled with some hard hits levelled at him by the Premier, had the effect of bringing Roebuck on the floor again, when he demanded of "the noble lord to point to any expression he had used that could bear out the description the noble lord had given of the language he was in the habit of using," and wound up his remarks in the following words, in allusion to the present threatening aspect of affairs. He said:

"Why, the people of England had been threatened before—even in his time; not that he could recollect it, for he was a child when it occurred. The great man who bore the name now held by the Emperor of the French—the first Napoleon—he, from the opposite shore of the Channel, threatened England with invasion; and though he disagreed with the policy adopted by our ancestors on the occasion, he could not but admire their towering thought, and the thoroughly courageous demonstration with which the menaces of the great Napoleon surrounded as he was by his legions, and fresh from the victories of Jena, Austerlitz and Vienna, was met. We hurried defiance at him—we fought him and conquered him; and should we, who then had treated with contempt and defiance the menaces of Napoleon le Grand, quail before the threats of Napoleon le petit?"

But all opposition to French demands will prove abortive. The Gallic cock flaps his wings, and crows in derision over the prostrate body of the British Lion. A war feeling, strong and impetuous, pervades all France at this moment. The nation has become feverish and excited. Whether the Emperor will be able to control it, or be borne away in the impetuosity of its torrent, it is of course impossible to decide. At all events the alliance is at an end.

Some despatches received from India disclose nothing of importance. The Sepoys are reported busily engaged in fortifying Lucknow, and putting that city in a state of defence. The accessions to the British army already in India, compared to its tear and wear, are pronounced very inefficient. The war is rapidly eating up the army, while the accessions to the same, from England, come in but slowly and tardily. The latest invention from the seat of war, or, more properly speaking, from Downing street (where such inventions are generally concocted), is to the effect that the Oudean army in Lucknow were fighting amongst themselves. Of course no notice is to be taken of such insinuations. Similar reports were set on foot when the Bengal army was concentrated in Delhi.

William Smith O'Brien, Esq., has contributed two pounds to the fund about being raised for the defence of Father Conway.

A great boon is about being conferred on Ireland. Hold your breath, good friends, for a moment, and you shall learn all! Her Majesty has been most graciously pleased, as the phrase goes, to embody two cavalry regiments, long since disbanded, and with a solicitous eye to the future well government and prosperity of Ireland, has signified that the two regiments shall be: first, the 6th or Royal Irish Regiment of Dragoons, better known to old '98 men by the denomination of the "Green Horse." The second is the 18th, or Drogheda Light Horse. The first named regiment was disbanded, because that in 1798 they contented themselves with a look at the Wexford men drawn up in battle array and then galloped off. The offence of the other regiment amounted to this, that one of its officers had drunk at mess the health of the unfortunate Queen Caroline. This gave mortal offence to George the Fourth, and the regiment was accordingly sent to the right about. The disbanding of the 18th took place in the year 1821. The regiment served with distinction through the Peninsula, and was present at Waterloo. It was first raised by the late Marquis of Drogheda, who died shortly after its breaking up. The Marquis of Londonderry was in command of the 5th Dragoons when the corps was broken up.

## CITY NEWS.

**FAIR OF THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.**—The fair for the benefit of the Catholic Library Association, held at their rooms, 839 Broadway, closed on Shrove Tuesday evening. It was very successful notwithstanding the hard times. We are also glad to be enabled to state that the St. Mary's Festival, for the benefit of the poor, was crowded to excess, on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. The receipts were considerable. Notwithstanding the number of Fairs and Festivals the Catholics of New York have patronized during the last twelve months, we are happy to be enabled to state that the receipts of all have far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine connected with them. This is truly gratifying. It speaks well for the charity of the Catholics of New York. The great fair held at the Crystal Palace for St. Vincent's Hospital in the fall of 1856 netted over 40,000 dollars. If the nett proceeds of all the fairs held in this city this fall and winter were put together, we have no doubt they would far exceed that of last year. Where is the city in the world that can exceed this?

**DEFRADING THE POOR.**—The attempts made to cheat poor sewing girls out of the rewards of their honest industry is considerably on the increase in this city. It would appear as if the harpies who employ these persons redouble their efforts at non-payment in exact proportion to the scantiness of employment and consequent scarcity of money. A case was laid before the Mayor on the 16th inst., where a fellow employed three women to make summer clothes, and after doing a considerable amount of work discharged them minus their pay, on the pretence that they were not able to do the work. The knave was, however, subsequently arrested and brought up when he promised to pay, and was then discharged. We opine it would have been much better to have compelled payment in this case before letting the fellow off on his word of honor.

**THE WEATHER.**—The lovers of good sleighing have had an opportunity presented them of gratifying their wishes in that respect. An old-fashioned snow storm set in on Friday last, and continued with little intermission all day Saturday. Sunday was clear and delightful, and from an early hour Broadway and our principal avenues resounded with the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells.

**THE BEEF MARKET.**—There was a decided increase in the number of cattle offered last week over that of the week previous. Prices did not consequently go up. Quotations ranged from eight to ten and a half cents per pound. There was rather a brisk demand for calves, sheep and lambs, though such demand did not materially affect prices.

We have been given to understand that over twenty thousand families are at present receiving assistance from the Alms House Department in the City Hall Park. This is an immense number, and amply testify to what an extent poverty prevails among the poor of the city, notwithstanding the heretofore unusual clemency of the weather.

The Young Men's Association held their second annual "Social" at Brookes', on Monday night, the 15th inst. It was one of those affairs which in this city is of rare occurrence. It was unlike many others—it did not belie its name; for, in the full sense of the word, it was truly a "sociable" meeting of "sociable" ladies and gentlemen. It was every way worthy of the spirit in which it was gotten up and of the gentlemen who carried it through. We have seldom spent a more pleasant evening. The company appeared delighted, and enjoyed the evening's amusement with a hearty good will. The music was excellent, by Wallace's Band. The room was just crowded enough to be comfortable, and all past off in the best of order. The supper-table was well garnished; the only fault being that the *casselle* was not in as polished a condition as might have been desired. We hope members will see to this in future by patronizing only those who will do things up in proper style. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A decision has been rendered, by Justice Connelly, in the case of several policemen charged with the homicide of one Vaughan, at an election poll of the Eleventh Ward, on the morning of the 2nd of November last. Each of the accused has been held to bail in the sum of three thousand dollars, to answer the charge at the Court of Sessions. In rendering his decision the learned Justice made use of the following prudent and highly judicious remarks: "Policemen who are armed are subject to human passion and to human infirmity, and to error of human judgment. If they possess perfect immunity to decide when they shall take life and when not, I tremble for the consequences. The evil of their unrestrained action is greater than the evil even of not protecting them when they are assaulted. The first incidentally concerns the whole community of citizens. I earnestly trust that the Board of Police and the Court above will look carefully into this case after it now passes from my hands."

The ticket swindlers still ply their trade, though rather on a smaller scale than usual. One of the gentry sold a person, about to start for Baltimore, a ticket for \$6 50 which was much above the usual rate. When the man discovered the deception he made complaint at the Mayor's office, and the ticket vender was forced to disgorge.

A Mr. Leonard Wray is announced to deliver a series of Lectures on "India and its People," before the Mercantile Library Association. The first lecture of the course came off on Monday evening last. Wray is an Englishman, and his lecture was merely a rehash of what is usually repeated by Englishmen on the subject of India.

It is rumored that the General Government will put up a Post Office in the Park, fronting on Chambers street. There have been so many rumors and dodgings about this Post Office question heretofore, that it is perfectly impossible to give an opinion as to what will eventually be done.

A report has gained ground to the effect that it is the intention of Mr. Collins to sell the entire of the steamers belonging to the Collins Line to the Russian government, and that Captain Comstock has left England for the purpose of arranging the terms of sale.

The Farmers' Club held their annual meeting in this city on the 16th inst. An interesting amount of information was elicited as to the culture of potatoes, the use of salt as a manure, and on the artificial breeding of fish.

A Wall street broker committed suicide at his place of business in that street last week. The usual causes in cases of this sort are given; namely, failure of business and depression of spirits.

Several fires have been reported in the city during the course of last week. One which took place in Maiden Lane, involved a loss of two hundred thousand dollars.

Valentines seem to be going out of date, or more properly speaking, out of fashion. Fewer of them have been bought this year than on any previous season.

Monday, Washington's birthday, was celebrated in this city, though with less *clat* than on former occasions. Several of our military companies were out on the occasion.

473 deaths took place in this city last week, being an increase of 30 on those of the previous. Twenty-four of this week's deaths were from small pox.

## PLACES WHERE THE "TABLET" CAN BE HAD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IN NEW YORK.

| WHOLESALE.           |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Dexter & Bro.        | 16 Ann street.     |
| Madden & Co.         | 14 " "             |
| Hamilton & Johnson   | 22 " "             |
| Cauldwell & Boyle    | 28 " "             |
| Hendrickson & Weaver | 30 " "             |
| Samuel Yates         | 22 Beekman street. |
| Ross & Tousey        | 121 Nassau street. |

| RETAIL.        |                            |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| William Conley | Cor. Mott and Chatham sts. |
| P. King        | 101 Twenty-eighth street.  |
| D. Smith       | 236 Sixth Avenue.          |
| Mrs. Coleman   | 34 " "                     |
| Depot          | 285 " "                    |
| John Green     | 22 West Nineteenth street. |
| Mrs. Beyer     | 50 Prince street.          |
| Eugene Coleman | 273 Madison street.        |

News Dealers and others selling the TABLET and desirous of having their names and places of business added to the above can do so by calling at the office, 164 William street, (up stairs.)

\* \* Show Bills for each week can be had at the office.

## WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE "TABLET."

Places where the TABLET and Catholic Books can be had at New York prices:

|                       |                                |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| William H. Key        | 128 Federal street, Boston.    |
| P. F. Cunningham      | Philadelphia, Pa.              |
| John Whitley          | Providence, R. I.              |
| Miss E. O'Sullivan    | 53 S. Pearl st., Albany, N. Y. |
| Francis Roarke        | 104 King street, Troy, "       |
| E. R. Hall            | Rochester, "                   |
| F. J. Ballou          | St. Louis, Mo.                 |
| Matthew C. O'Sullivan | " "                            |
| John P. Walsh         | Cincinnati, Ohio.              |
| M. H. Bird            | " "                            |
| T. O'Connor           | Cleveland, "                   |
| Henry Kremer          | Lowell, Mass.                  |
| Thomas McGuinness     | Worcester, "                   |
| Wm. J. Rolan          | Full River, "                  |
| Edward J. Kelleher    | Bangor, Maine.                 |
| Terence McIlwain      | Portland, "                    |
| James Costello        | Baldwin, Ill.                  |
| Peter Kirwan          | Bloomington, Ill.              |
| Peter Roach           | Chicago, "                     |
| P. T. Sheridan        | " "                            |
| Miss Margaret McKenna | Pittsburgh, Pa.                |
| F. Doyle              | Toronto, C. W.                 |
| James P. Hickman      | Leavenworth, Kansas.           |
| J. C. Maguire         | Dubuque, Iowa.                 |
| P. Lecher             | Wheeling, Va.                  |
| Bernard O'Neil        | Patterson, N. J.               |
| P. P. Cantwell        | Trenton, "                     |
| E. Downes             | New Haven, Conn.               |
| D. O'Sullivan & Son   | Flint, Mich.                   |

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

**WANTED.**—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the TABLET. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all fast-selling popular works, good honest industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

D. & J. SADIET & Co., Publishers,  
164 William st., New York.

**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—Our Subscribers in Milwaukee will please hand the amount of their indebtedness for *Celt* and *TABLET*, since Jan., 1857, to Mr. Andrew Mullen, No. 100 East Water street, who has kindly consented to act as our Agent in Milwaukee.

Our Agent in Troy, Mr. Francis Roarke, 10 1-2 King street, keeps always on hand all our publications, and the Catholic Books published in the United States. Persons indebted for the TABLET will please hand him the amount of their indebtedness.

Mr. Thomas B. O'Connor, Bookseller, Savannah, Ga., has consented to act as our Agent at the request of our late Agent, Mr. Maurice O'Connell. Our subscribers in Savannah will please pay Mr. O'Connor.

## Travelling Agent.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan will call on our subscribers in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y., St. Catharines, Hamilton, C. W., and intervening places. He has bills for all our subscribers in the above towns. They will, we hope, be ready to meet them. Mr O'Sullivan is fully authorized to act as Agent for the TABLET.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. R. A. Lewis, No. 142 Chatham street, opposite the Theatre, where they can have their likenesses taken in the most perfect manner. To the ladies in particular, we would say give Mr. Lewis a call, and you will be waited on with the greatest attention and dispatch. Remember the No. 142 Chatham street, opposite the National Theatre.

Mr. Murphy has opened a Coffin Warehouse at 43 Madison street, near St. James' Church. Horses and Carriages always on hand.

## HOW CATHOLICS ARE TREATED IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.

To the Editor of the Dublin Telegraph:

Sir:—I have been in the English army for nineteen years, and was then so disgusted with the bigotry and injustice of the officer, that I took my discharge without pension. I had filled the office of orderly room clerk for five years uninterruptedly, under several commanding officers, and at the end of the first seven years of my soldiering (by far the most trying period), the then commanding officer forwarded a certificate to the War-office that my name was not recorded in any defaulter's book since my enlistment, for which I got 1d. a day good conduct pay. One day, when some of the men, with the drums, were going out to beat up for recruits, the commanding officer's orderly came to me, where I was in the orderly room, and asked me to lend him my "colors" (cockade). It had cost me 4s., was composed of ribbons of my own choosing, besides I had never worn it myself, and of course I refused to lend it. The adjutant reported me, and I was reprimanded. Of course the reprimand was a mere matter of form; but in two days afterwards a vacancy occurred in the sergeants, and as I was the senior lance sergeant I expected to be promoted. But no; I was overlooked, and a Protestant drum boy appointed over me. This threw me back considerably, and wounded my pride, but I had the consolation of seeing that all in the regiment understood why I was passed over, and of finding that it did not lower me in the estimation of the men. To the credit of the soldiers be it said, that when they see a non-commissioned officer slighted on account of his religion, they will support him through thick and thin. It was not customary for the orderly clerk to go to evening parade on Sundays till this commanding officer came. I paraded on Sunday morning as usual, and went to Mass; and when the Protestants paraded for divine service in the afternoon, I was attending to my duties as usual in the orderly room. Because I did not parade with the Protestants, I was put under arrest and tried by court-martial. The officer who prompted the adjutant on this occasion often received lessons from me in the mere common rules of arithmetic. The officer died "rum bit" in the West Indies, and the worms in India have long ago banqueted on the commanding officer. Do not think that these are solitary instances occurring once in twenty years; they are every day occurrences. Bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, are the rule in the English army.

## NEW YORK MARKETS.

COAL.—Holders appear less eager to sell, but the demand has not improved remarkably. The stock of foreign in first hands is rather light. Domestic is abundant, and is generally obtainable, though some of the dealers who supply the city demand have advanced their prices 25¢ to 50¢. \$1.00 for the best, and \$1.00 for the worst. We quote Liverpool Canal, at 75¢ to 80¢; do, Orre, at 75¢ to 80¢; do, children; Newcastle, at 75¢; do, and Sully, at 75¢; do, and Anthracite, from yard, at 75¢ to 80¢. In Philadelphia the coal trade is very dull, no orders arriving and no demand prevailing for shipment. The home trade is rather more active since the recent cold weather set in, but prices are irregular and the demand is not disposed to contract for future delivery at the rates now current.

DAY GOODS.—This branch of the trade is tardily reviving. The principal inquiry is for standard fabrics, for which holders are getting better prices. More country buyers, especially from the South and West, have appeared in our market and are purchasing to moderate extent. City jobbers are securing the bulk of what they need, through the auction rooms. Credit is very cautiously given, and the demand from number of houses doing business this Spring is not made up for by any increased activity with those that remain. The demand from the dealers are not disposed to prevail. Any great increase in the consumption would speedily put up prices; but such is not by any means anticipated for a long time.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—State and Western Flour is in active demand, chiefly for home use, at former rates. Sales 12,000 bbls. Common to good Superfine State..... 4 20 to 4 25 Superior Michigan and Indiana..... 4 20 to 4 30 Family Flour..... 4 25 to 4 30 Extra Indiana and Michigan..... 4 30 to 4 35 Extra Ohio..... 4 30 to 4 35 Extra Genesee..... 4 30 to 4 40 Low to very choice extra Missouri..... 5 00 to 5 00 Canadian Flour appears more active at former prices. Sales 800 bbls. Superfine to good extra at 4 25 to 4 50 bbl. Southern is in moderate demand at steady rates.

GRAIN.—Wheat is briske, and desirable lots command higher prices. Sales 3,000 bushels, in lots, including ordinary White Canadian, at \$1.18, in store; fair to very choice White Southern, at \$1.20 to \$1.21; do, and fair Red do, at \$1.12 to \$1.13 bushel. Corn is improving, sales having tripled of 17,000 bushels new crop, at 60¢ to 65¢ for Yellow, and 67¢ to 70¢ for White Southern, 60 bushel.

HAY.—Sales 500 bales North River, at 65¢ to 75¢, cash, 70¢ to 75¢.

NAVY STORES.—Rope is in good request, including common at \$1.45 to \$1.10 lbs., delivered, at 60¢ to 65¢; Turpentine is unchanged. Sales have been made of 500 bbls. Spirits Turpentine, in lots, at 48¢, cash, 50¢ per gallon.

OLIVE OIL.—Lined is selling to a fair extent, in lots, at 60¢ to 65¢ per gallon. Other descriptions are essentially unaltered.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is in moderate request at buoyant prices. Sales 450 bbls. in lots, at 31¢ to 32¢ for Prime; and 31¢ to 32¢ for Prime, 30 bbls. Cut Meats are saleable and buoyant, at 8¢ to 9¢ for Hams, and 9¢ to 10¢ for Shoulders, 30 lbs. Bacon is in demand, at 8¢ to 9¢, 30 lbs. Lard is less sought after at languid prices.

RICE.—Sales 175 tons, in lots, at 43¢ to 45¢ per 100 lbs.

SCOTLAND.—The demand is moderate at uniform rates. Sales 350 bbls. chiefly Canadian, at 64¢ to 65¢; do, 180 bbls. New Orleans, by auction, at 64¢ to 65¢; do, 75 to 100 lbs.; and 700 boxes, Havana, within former range.

TALLOW.—Sales 12,000 lbs. prime at 11¢, cash, 12¢, 13¢.

WINE.—Sales 100 bbls. in lots, at 25¢, cash, 26¢ per gallon.

## EDUCATION.

## ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.  
Entrance to the Academy, 231 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children, and the instruction in the faith, and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the home destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c. Particular attention is paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surgery, &c.

## Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum.....\$100 00  
Washing and Mending..... 12 00  
Books and Stationery..... 12 00  
Music, Vocal and Instrumental..... 12 00  
Do (with Piano)..... 24 00

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to \$9 or \$10.

**St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,**  
CONDUCTED BY THE  
**SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,**  
LOWELL

## Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....\$100 00  
Washing..... 12 00  
For Half Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00  
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00  
Painting and Drawing..... 12 00  
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection in Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

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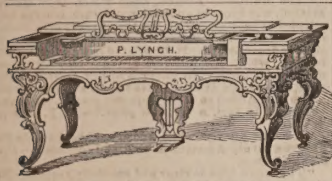
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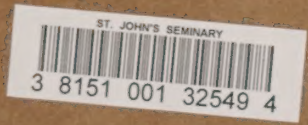
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